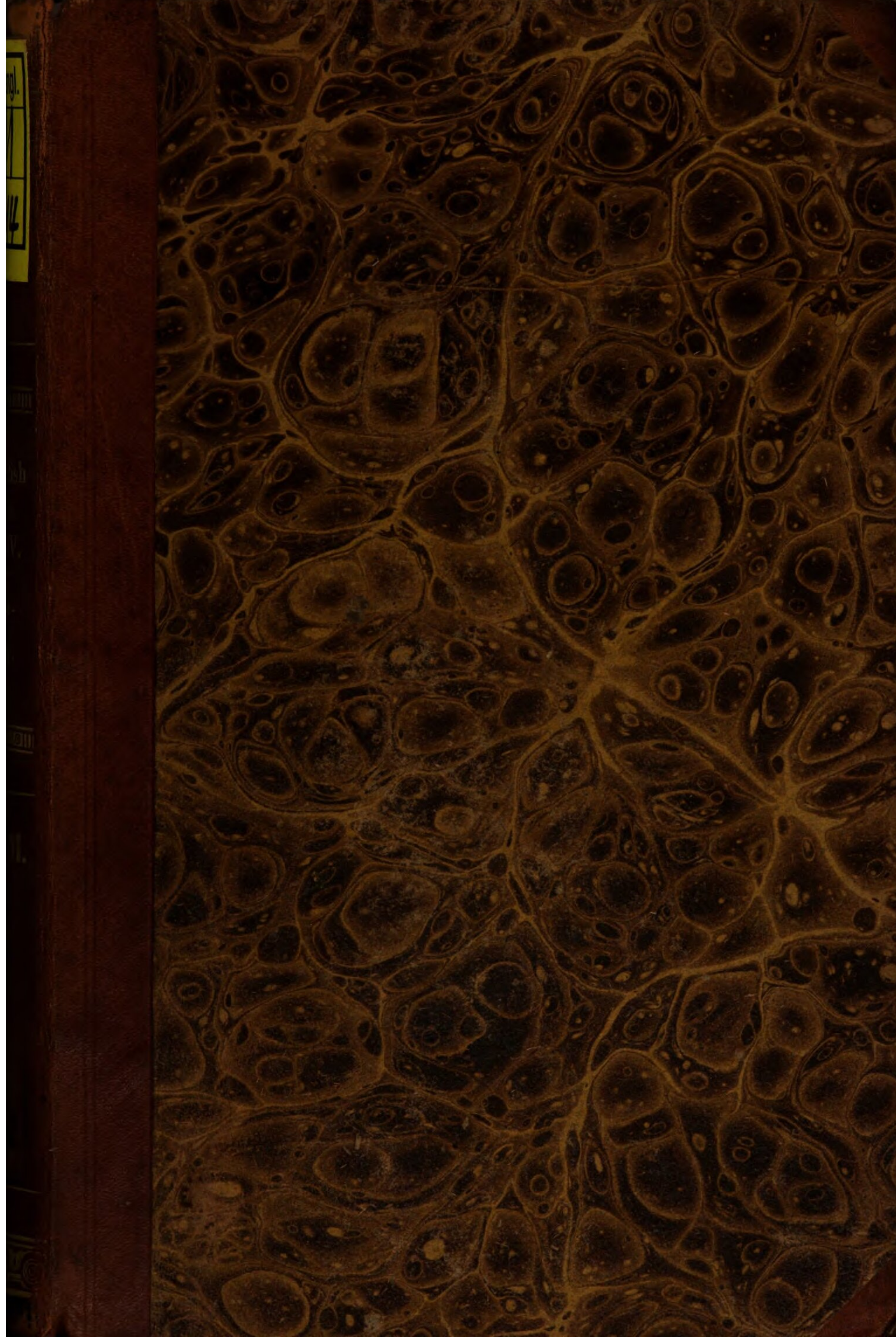
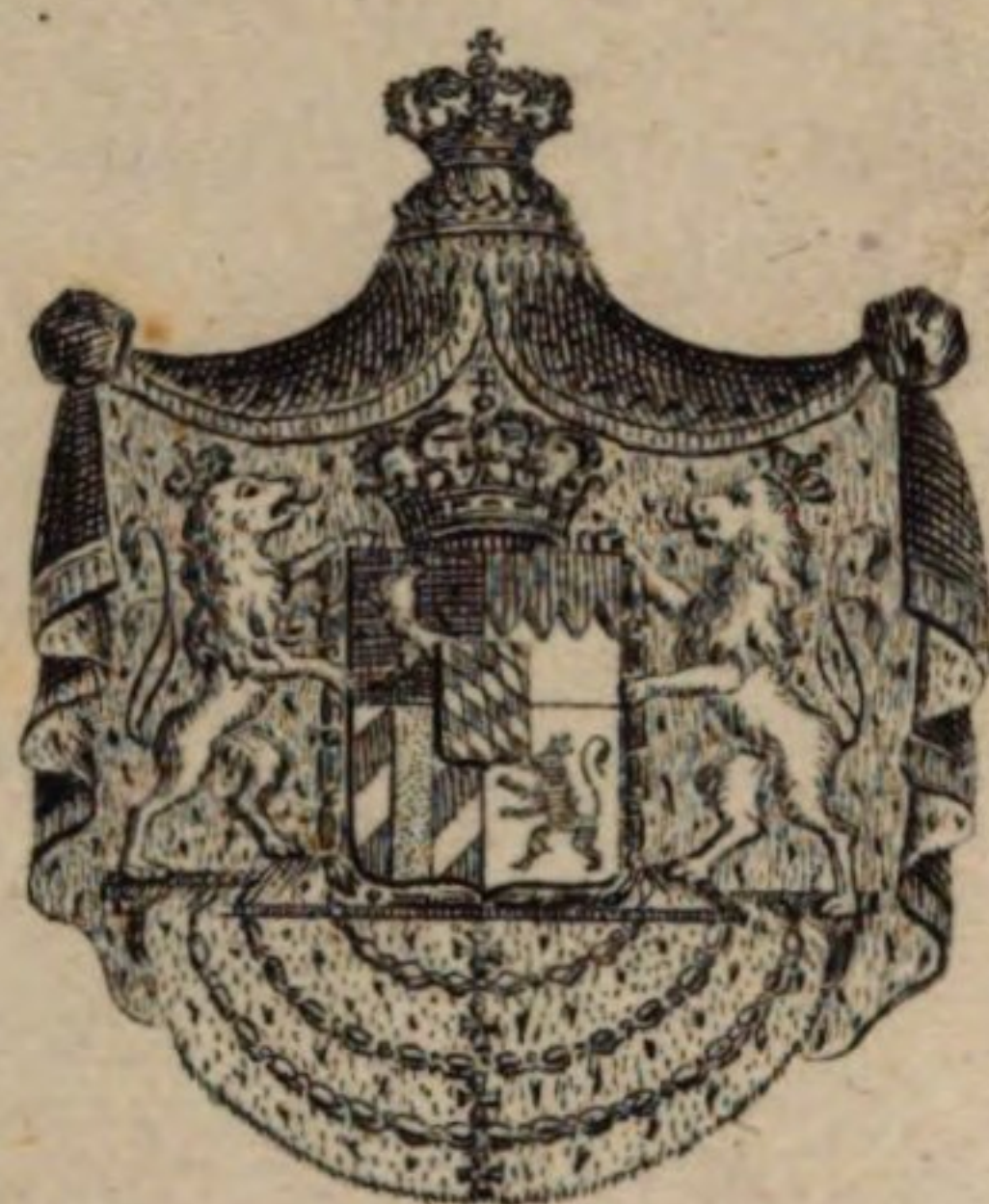


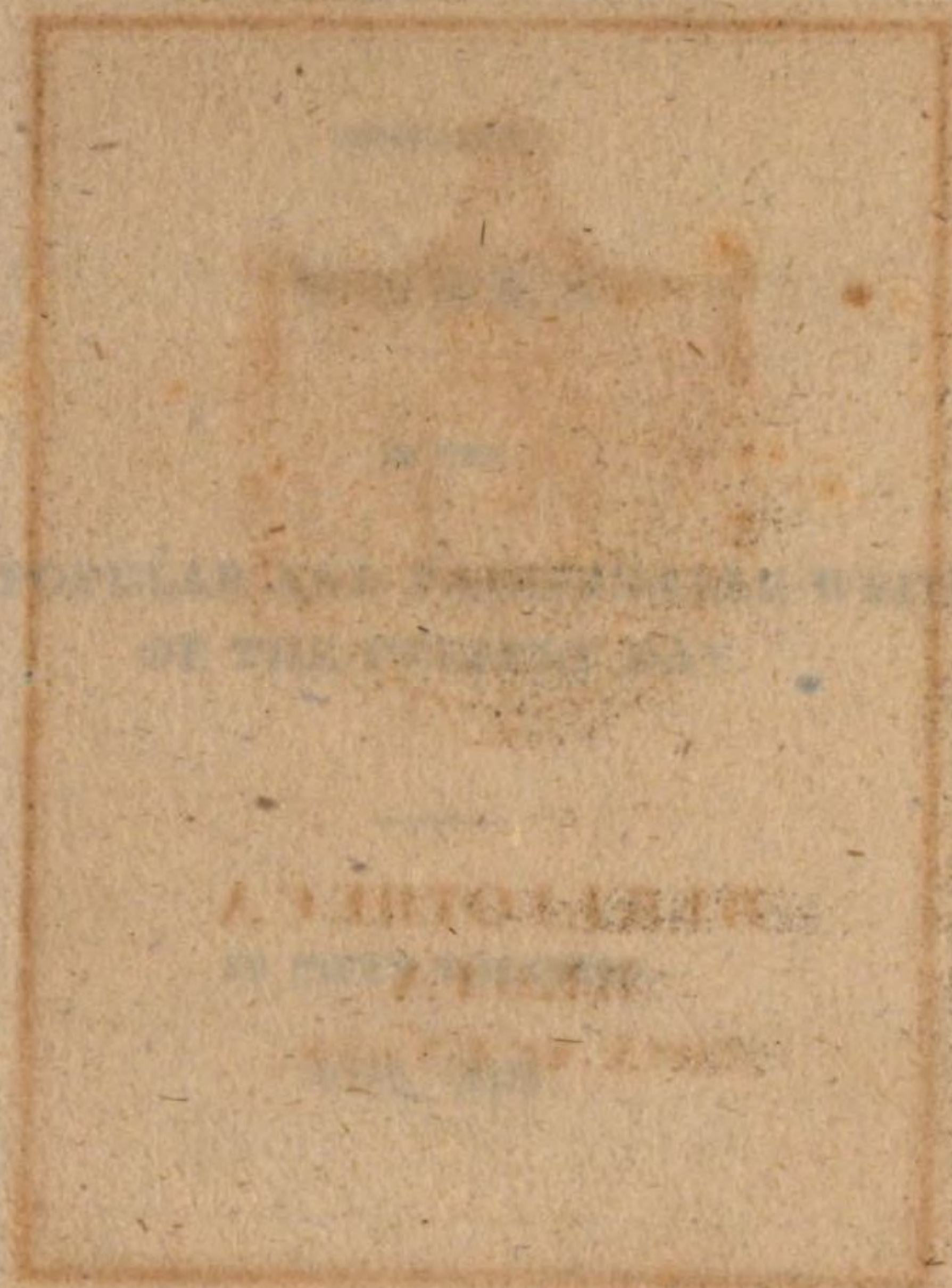


P.O. angl 251^d-14



**BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS.**

NEW BRITISH ASSOCIATION



THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE

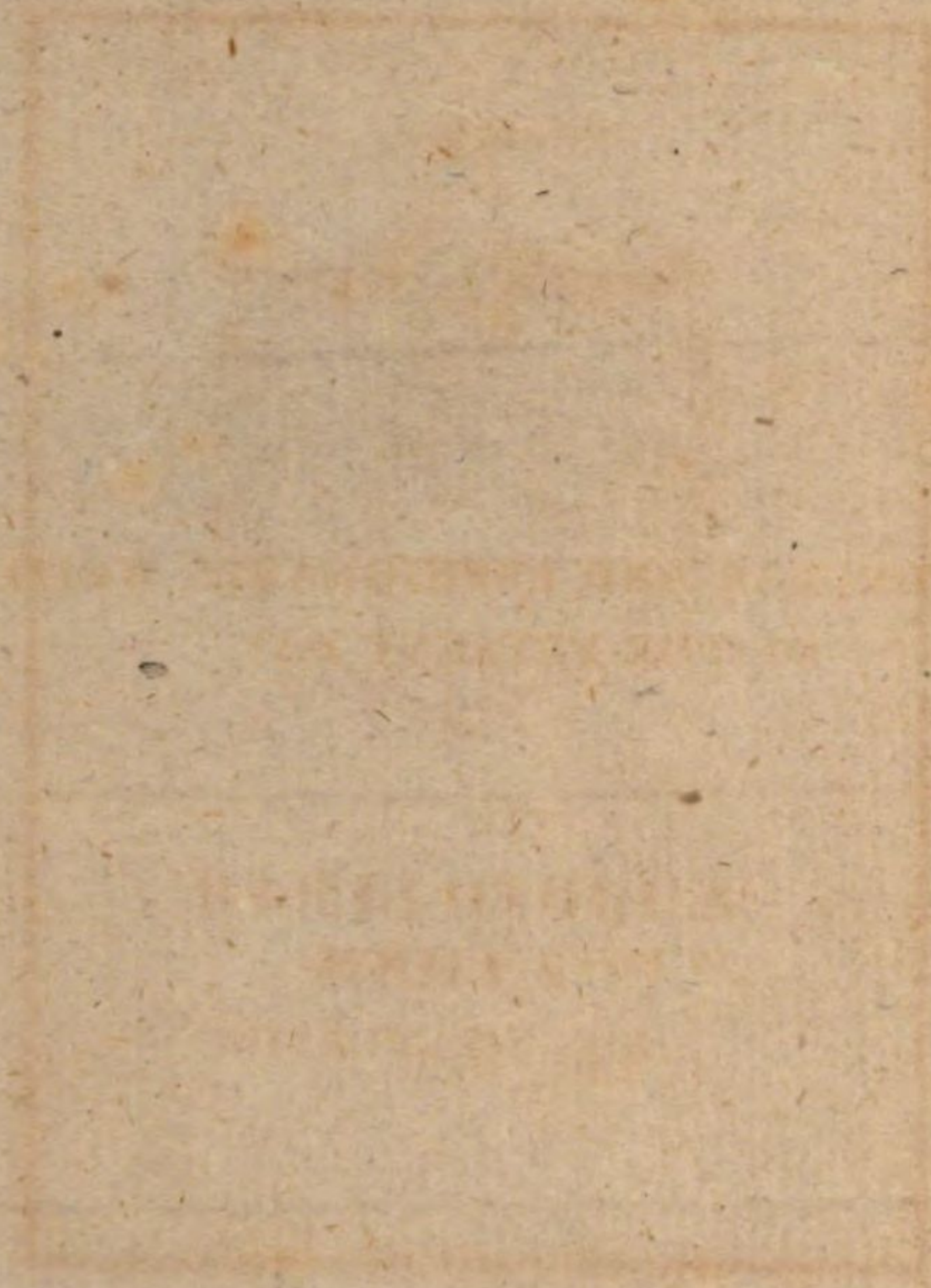
ANNUAL MEETING
AT BIRMINGHAM
1861

LONDON:

PRINTED BY GILBERT AND RENTON

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE
NEW BRITISH NOVELIST;

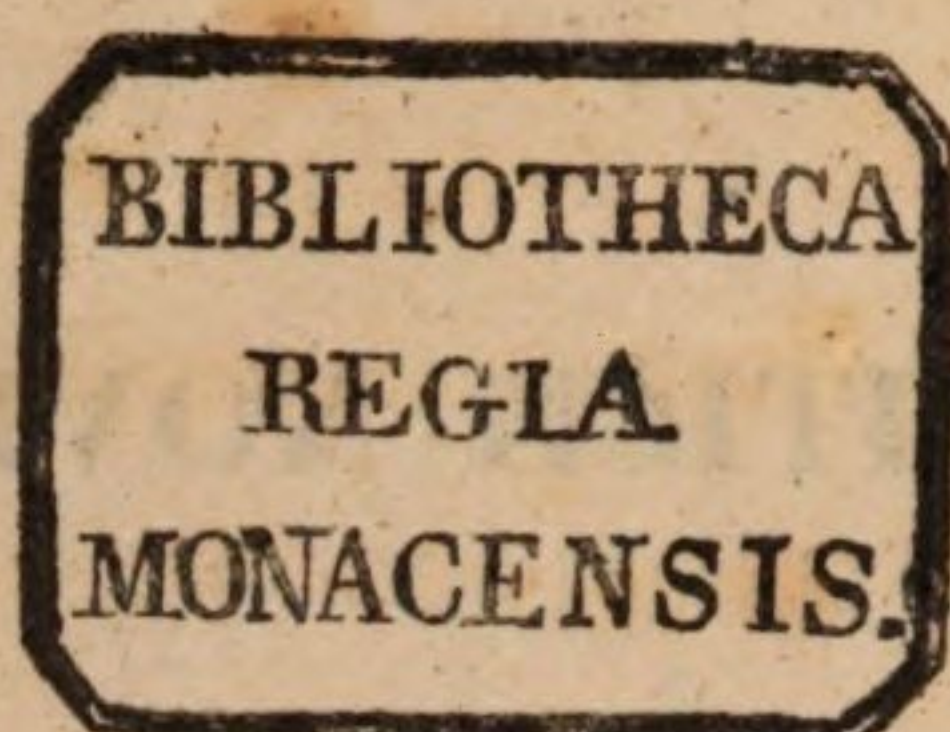
COMPRISING
WORKS

BY THE
**MOST POPULAR AND FASHIONABLE WRITERS
OF THE PRESENT DAY.**

IN FIFTY VOLUMES.

VOL. XIV.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR COLBURN AND BENTLEY,
NEW BURLINGTON STREET.



BIBLIOTHECA

REGIA

MONACENSIS.

FORTUNE-HUNTING.

CHAPTER I.

IN Holywell Street, in the Strand, may still be seen the well-known and well-stocked shop of our good friend Solomon Levi. At the precise moment at which our history opens, this *sanctum sanctorum* of coats, waistcoats, &c. &c. was approached by a swaggering sort of fellow, figure not bad, but features, to speak leniently, at least not aristocratic.

There hung at Solomon's door sundry of the above-mentioned as well as all other articles of male attire; among the rest were various military coats, which seemed to draw the attention of the stranger, for he stopped and not only looked at, but handled, some of them. Solomon perceiving this, bustled forth to his assistance; and inviting him to enter, informed him that he had a large assortment in the shop and back shop, and also in his warerooms up stairs, much better worth the attention of a gentleman than any of those specimens which hung out at the door. The stranger entered, and begged to see a full-dress coat suitable to a major in the army. "It is merely for a fancy ball occasion," he added, "or I should of course have had new uniform." While lifting up, and laying down, and turning about the coats

displayed by Solomon, he threw out a careless hint that on his homeward voyage his luggage had been thrown overboard in a storm; and again, that when next he joined his regiment, it would be time enough to purchase new clothes. On the mention of his regiment, Solomon begged to know what regiment, that he might select the coat that with the least alteration could be made to suit. "Yes," said the stranger, "yes, my regiment, yes—Let me see, this coat—"

"Is the full dress of a major in the tenth."

"What price?"

"Eleven guineas."

"Eleven guineas! You would take half the money if you could get it."

"I would not take a farthing less than I have named," said Solomon; "it cost

thirty, and is as good as new." By this time the stranger was busy scrutinising another coat on which the lace was slightly tarnished. "That," said Solomon, "is the full dress of a colonel in the Guards."

"But what is the price?" asked the stranger with much doubt, inwardly reflecting the while that if a majority were so dear, what must a colonelcy be."

"This coat is a very great bargain," said Solomon, "only five pounds, the lace being slightly tarnished: I bought it cheap, and I make it a point of conscience never to have more than a fair profit on any article."

A sort of electric stroke of joy passed through the heart of the stranger, as the words of Solomon smote his ear. Confused ideas of the high promotion thus within his very grasp raised him in his

own estimation: he felt himself a foot taller. Why should I pay eleven guineas," said he to himself, "to be only a major, when I can be a colonel for five pounds? Yes, yes, said he aloud, this coat, though not so new as I could wish, will certainly suit me best, my rank being that of a lieutenant-colonel."

"I beg your pardon, colonel," said Solomon, "I understood you to have said major, or I should have shown you this coat first."

"Major!" repeated the colonel (for as we do not yet know his name, we must call him by his title) "major! I never mentioned the word: recollect yourself; I asked for a colonel's coat as soon as I entered your shop. I commanded indeed at — a — the — a — taking of fort Jago in South America."

Solomon, who, notwithstanding his possession of a name so revered for wisdom, was a little puzzled, bowed assent, and again begged to know the regiment, that he might have any alterations made in the coat which might be necessary.

“Regiment, yes— a— yes— very proper; yes— regiment, yes— alterations, yes— yes—. But— a— my own tailor, you see, will do all that. You’ll take off twenty per cent for ready money?”

“Could not think of it,” said Solomon; “I have named the very lowest: I never make two prices.” The colonel, however, persisted, and after much higgling, at which this gallant officer showed himself as great a proficient as any old egg-wife in any market, Solomon yielded, and then proceeded to remind the colonel that he would require some other articles of dress

to complete his costume ; at the same time handing him a waistcoat in tolerable preservation, and holding up, for distant effect, a pair of white kerseymeres. The colonel, however, was not to be taken in, or, as he himself would have expressed it, *done*, so easily as all that : he insisted on a close examination, turned them inside out, and, what was still more effectual, held them up between his eyes and the light.

“ Ho ! ho ! ” he exclaimed ; “ the moths have been having a capital good meal of it here, and in a confounded awkward place too,—so conspicuous, just at the left-hand pocket, where the holes will be sure to be seen. If they had been concealed by the skirts of the swallow-tailed coat, I should not have minded so much.”

“ It’s a mere nothing,” argued Solomon, “ and will be completely covered by the

ends of the sash, if you tie it judiciously : besides, the articles must have fetched fifteen shillings, had they been perfect ; whereas, with this slight defect, which is all imagination, for, in fact, no one will know it but yourself, you shall have them for five shillings."

"Yes," said the colonel, "yes—let me see !" the organ of calculation expanding the while ; "let me see !" that is ten shillings difference ; now ten shillings *down*, is sixpence a year *for ever*. Yes, yes ; well, we'll step into the back shop and try them on ; and if, as you say, the ends of the sash hang exactly over the defective part, perhaps we may agree."

Accordingly they did agree. The sash too, and the sword, were purchased, and the colonel, what *he* called himself, "rigged."

All was to be sent home : he had given

his address to Solomon, and was again in the street,—his step triumphant, his countenance ennobled by that indescribable expression which the inward consciousness of *high rank* bestows on its possessor.

He now bent his way to a small shop, in the windows of which appeared specimens of fashionable visiting cards. He here ordered a copper-plate to be immediately executed—Lieutenant-Colonel—we did not exactly catch the name, but Lieutenant-Colonel we heard distinctly.

He was again in the street ; and having nearly completed the business of the day, he bent his steps towards his lodging, or his own snug little berth, as he called it, in occasional self-gratulating cogitations to which he was subject, after making an advantageous bargain, or, as he emphatically termed it, “doing a fellow,” or,

after getting a good dinner “out of a fellow,” who could swallow his swaggering lies in return.

He next just looked in at the tailor’s, to bid him call in the evening for the purpose of holding a consultation about the fit of the uniform ; and the very last thing, within a few doors of his said lodging, stopped at a butcher’s shop, to see cut off a thick, tender, well-hung beef-steak. This was always the finale of his diurnal labours, and purposely delayed till all hopes of a dinner any where else were at an end.

CHAPTER II.

ALL Leamington had been for some weeks past on the tiptoe of expectation. Every milliner and dressmaker had been up to the very last hour engaged.

Every young lady, that is, all who had the good fortune to be asked to Lady Kilmany's ball, had suffered more or less from anxiety about her dress, her shoes, or her partners. What those had suffered who were not asked, it would be vain to attempt to describe.

The ball was to be a fancy one, and given at the public rooms, which were already lighted up, and decorated for the purpose.

Carriages too were setting down, but there was no one to receive the company.

Lady Kilmany certainly ought to have been there; but her ladyship was by no means one of those, who always make it a point to do what they ought to do.

She, however, soon appeared, leaning on the arm of Lord Lillington. She was splendidly dressed, decidedly a woman of fashion, and had been extremely handsome, but her present age seemed to be about fifty; while the contrast between her appearance and that of a beautiful girl of about seventeen, who leaned upon her arm, did not contribute to make her look more youthful. A young man of a very prepossessing countenance attended on the

other side of the young lady ; and, whenever the crowd jostled him back a step or two, he regained his position with great eagerness, talking all the while to his fair companion, who listened with smiles of the purest happiness : not one anxious thought seemed as yet to have blended with her feelings, whatever they were.

Another couple, who evidently were of this party, followed closely.

The lady appeared to be about two or three and twenty. She was what the men pronounced a splendid woman. Her height was considerably above the middle size, and the proportions of her figure generally on a grand scale ; the hands, feet, and ceinture, were, however, comparatively speaking, delicately small. Her face was rather round than oval, the eyes large, black, and sparkling ; the eyelashes, eye-

brows and hair jet black ; the nose straight and well made ; the mouth pretty and little, with quite the mischief-loving curve of Cupid's bow ; the lips full, and brilliantly red, the teeth like rows of pearls. As for complexion, the colour in her cheeks had a living lustre which made all the rouge in the room look dead ; while the rest of the skin, particularly on the neck and arms, was of that dazzling whiteness so effective at candle-light, and which, to use a seeming contradiction in terms, is peculiar to the fair brunette. Her companion was an elderly gentleman, who seemed to be, in manners, quite a courtier.

The party made but slow progress up the room, for the interruptions of bowing, or speaking to every one were endless. Among others, two gentlemen approached,

the one in a military costume, the other in a fancy dress representing a foreign grandee of some undefined order. The latter, bowing to Lady Kilmany, begged to introduce his friend Colonel Trump. Her ladyship received the introduction with haughty reserve, and passed on.

Colonel Trump! we had never heard the name before. We looked: there was something about the coat which seemed familiar to our eyes; and the face too we had certainly seen somewhere. We examined the figure from head to foot. The tie of the sash struck us as having been performed with peculiar care, and in much such a manner as we had once seen rehearsed. How wonderful the power of associations! No sooner did we notice this trivial circumstance, than we began to reflect on the mode in which moths feed;

and the next moment, the whole truth flashed upon us ! It was our friend from Holywell Street in the Strand, whose equipment by Solomon Levi we had witnessed a few days since.

The don, thought we, can be no great things, if he introduces such a fellow as this.

The colonel, still leaning on the don, sauntered to a position in full view of Lady Kilmany's party.

“ So,” said he to his friend, “ this is the lady who gives the ball ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ She is a widow, you say ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ And has ten thousand a-year ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ That's *money* faith ; but it's only jointure, I suppose ? ”

“No, she may will it to whom she pleases.”

“But how can that be,—did you not say there was a daughter?”

“Yes, that is Lady Mary Kilmore, now leaning on her mother.”

“She is beautiful faith! Who is he that keeps so close to her?”

“Lord Liddesdale.”

“And will she have the estate when the mother slips her wind?”

Though, as faithful historians, we think it necessary to record the colonel's speeches in his own favourite phraseology, we do not particularly recommend a strict imitation of it, to any aspiring young subaltern into whose hands these pages may chance to fall.

“No,” answered the don, “if Lady Kilmany does not marry, she will in all

probability leave it to her daughter ; but all that Lady Mary is absolutely entitled to, is the younger children's portion—some thirty thousand pounds or so. The son, Lord Kilmore, who died some years since, when he came of age, joined his father Lord Kilmany in cutting off the entail, and placing the estate at the disposal of the survivor, expecting of course to outlive his father. He died however almost immediately, and Lord Kilmany, it seems, thought fit to will the estate to his wife."

"The mother then," observed the colonel, "would be a better spec than the daughter?"

"No question of that, but not quite so agreeable."

"Agreeable! oh faith, if a fellow had the spending of ten thousand a-year, he'd be a great fool if he couldn't make himself

amends one way or other. Military men you know are in the habit of beating up for agreeable quarters wherever they go."

"Talking of specs," said the don, "what do you think of Mrs. Bellevue? There is no lack of the agreeable in that quarter, and she will have, they say, to a certainty six thousand a-year."

"Six thousand a-year!" repeated the colonel, "come, that's *money* too! Which is Mrs. Bellevue?"

"That splendid woman next to Lady Kilmany, leaning on that aristocratic-looking old gentleman."

"She is a magnificent woman certainly! and is she a widow?"

"Yes."

"But is not the six thousand then jointure?"

"No, no!"

“How then is the property situated?”

“Why it is not exactly hers yet.”

“Not hers yet! she won’t do then!”

“It’s quite the same thing; old Bellevue, the father-in-law, has settled it all on her unless he marries, a thing very unlikely at his age: besides, he is in a wretched state of health.”

“Ten thousand certain, however, is not only more *money*, but better *money* than six thousand uncertain.”

“Look at the difference of the women though.”

“Yes, yes, Glandore, look at the pretty women as much as you like, but marry the *moneyed* ones. Do you think Lady Kilmany a marrying widow?”

“No, I cannot say I do think her a marrying widow, in the common acceptance of the phrase: vanity however is her

besetting sin. She might, I should think, by egregious flattery, be induced to commit almost any absurdity, were it not that her extreme haughtiness makes it difficult to get near enough to administer the dose."

"If that be all," said the colonel, "the day is my own: I'm the boy to storm a widow!"

"I don't think," answered Glandore coolly, "that storming will do in this case. Lady Kilmany is a woman accustomed to the manners of the Court—no disparagement, Trump, to your allowed attractions; your whiskers, for instance, which are undeniable. Had I such, though, and a little ready *money* to carry on the war, I think I should myself have a better chance with Lady Kilmany. She would require some tact."

"Tact! oh yes, the widows like to be

attacked," said the colonel ; " and you to be sure have been so long on the town, and know every one ; and then, though you have the misfortune to be a younger brother, Sir Patrick's house gives you a sure footing in the best society, and as he has no children you may have the title yet. But she don't want title you know."

" Why no ; but my connexions as you say would make my fortune without reference to Lady Kilmany in particular, if I could but keep out of gaol !"

" You have certainly a sad trick of disappearing from the stage just as you are expected to come on for the *den-mong*, as the French call it, or in plain English to pop the question."

" By the by," said Glandore, " you pleaded poverty when you allowed me to perform my last exit. Where the deuce

have you contrived to levy supplies since?"

"Too long a story to tell you now; see they are going to dance. Introduce me to Lady Mary, will you? The old one won't dance I suppose?"

"Nor the young one either with you, on a mere introduction; besides, I must ask Lady Kilmany's permission first."

"Well, do."

They approach the ladies accordingly, and when within a few paces, Glandore steps forward. A few words are murmured indistinctly. A shade of displeasure passes over the countenance of Lady Kilmany. Glandore returns, tells his friend that Lady Mary Kilmore is engaged for as many quadrilles as she means to dance, and then enters into a languidly sustained conversation with Lady Kilmany.

The colonel, nothing daunted by his disappointment, sidled imperceptibly within reach of the arm of his companion, through which he thrust his own ; and, having thus effected a sort of collateral relationship with nobility, and further dignified himself and his heirs for ever by standing for a few moments in the ennobling neighbourhood of rank, began to make various courageous attempts to edge in a word, innovations which were, however, resisted on the part of Lady Kilmany with the most aristocratic firmness ; her countenance never once exhibiting the slightest consciousness of his remarks. That of her beautiful friend Mrs. Bellevue was, on the contrary, almost convulsed by an inward struggle not to laugh out in an ill-bred manner. She thought she could espy the elements of good fun, and she

was resolved to enjoy it even at the sacrifice of a certain portion of dull dignity.

Now, though Mrs. Bellevue had not a seat in the upper house, she had evident claims to a distinguished bench in the lower, and ought not therefore to have entertained such revolutionary principles.

Lady Mary, withdrawing her arm from her mother's, took that of Lord Liddesdale ; and subsequently drawing off her boa, was about to put it on an adjacent seat, when the officious colonel bounded forward, almost snatched it from her, and begging leave to take charge of it, slung it over his arm.

Lady Mary was astounded ; and while the boa glided with most serpent-like velocity through her hand, even her beautiful, mild, and almost infantine features, assumed an expression in which surprise

was not unmingled with haughty displeasure. She drew Lord Liddesdale, who really did not know what to do, close behind her mother, and, touching Lady Kilmany's arm, whispered, "Mamma, look at my boy! Do take it away from him!" Satisfied that her cause was now in good hands, she accompanied her partner, without further loss of time, to a not very distant quadrille, feeling, and looking, once more perfectly happy. Mary had never known a care or a sorrow. She had lost her father and brother when she was quite a child, and had ever since been the sole and indulged darling of her mother, who, though haughty to strangers, had a fondling manner towards this only object of her natural affections, which, while it was a gratification to herself, had induced in her child an enthusiastic devotion of

heart and soul, which would have made Mary feel it no sacrifice to have laid down her life for her mother. She had, at present, yet another source of happiness—the tender whispers of her partner. She never parried his compliments in the flippant language of flirtation; she received them in silence, with a grateful and gratified feeling, which seemed to add a sunshine to the gentler joys which were already inmates of her bosom. Lord Liddesdale was every way worthy of the favourable reception he thus met with. His manner, his air, and the very expression of his countenance clearly indicated a nobleness derived from some source far above the adventitious circumstances of worldly rank. It was an innate dignity, a moral superiority, which raised his admirers in their own estimation, in proportion as they felt

themselves capable of appreciating his merits ; and yet there was a justness of sentiment and a benevolence of mind, to be implied from all he said and did, which never suffered those on whom his attentions were bestowed to feel themselves oppressed by the humiliating sense of having been the objects of a condescension.

Lady Kilmany, who had herself viewed the scene of the boa with considerable consternation at the moral courage of the advancing enemy, lost no time in attending to her daughter's appeal. She immediately requested Glandore to give her Lady Mary Kilmore's tippet. No courage could stand this ; the discomfited colonel actually backed half a pace.

During the transfer of the boa Mrs. Bellevue touched the arm of Glandore

with her fan, and, on his turning, asked him, with an arch smile, why he had not introduced his agreeable friend to her.

Glandore had important reasons for wishing to promote the cause of his friend; but he knew too much of the world to risk his own footing by pushing the thing too far: he was therefore delighted with the opportunity thus afforded him, and immediately presented Colonel Trump to Mrs. Bellevue. The colonel, having been frustrated in his primary and higher aim, felt that this introduction was a step gained. It was something to be seen speaking to a fine woman, who evidently formed one of the component parts of a titled party; and though six thousand per annum in expectancy was not so good as ten in possession, it was better than nothing; and even had he more promising prospects in

the other quarter, it was "as well for a fellow to have two strings to his bow."

"Perhaps she would dance; and such a partner, faith! so devilish handsome! and that *far off at a distance style* too, would get a fellow looked at, and make his whiskers the go!" He popped the question accordingly, and Mrs. Bellevue consenting, walked off with him to join a quadrille, to the utter amazement of Sir Peter Sheldon, the old gentleman on whom she had been leaning, and who had witnessed her refusal of more than one of her many adorers on the alleged plea that she did not mean to dance that evening.

The fact was, that Mrs. Bellevue, determined on fun, had asked for the introduction for the sole purpose of quizzing the colonel; yet when his impudent but good-humoured countenance was brought up

close to her, smiling, and doing his best to look amiable, her courage failed her, and she began to blush and look puzzled, like any girl of fifteen ; for though rash in the pursuit of frolic, once in a dilemma, her natural modesty was full as sensitive as that of women possessing the foresight to avoid such situations.

Before she had recovered her presence of mind, she had consented to dance, to the no small mortification of Lady Kilmany, who thought that Mrs. Bellevue, while of her party, ought to have been more circumspect.

“ Pray, Glandore,” proceeded her ladyship, “ who is this Colonel Trump, and of what regiment ? He appears to me an extremely forward and half-bred person.”

“ Really,” said Glandore, “ your ladyship is severe : poor Trump is an excellent

fellow, I assure you, and of a very ancient and highly respectable family—the Trumps of Cornwall.”

“If he is of that family?” replied her ladyship; “his connexions are some of the highest in the kingdom.”

“Why, then,” said Lord Summerton, the elderly gentleman on whom Lady Kilmany was leaning, “should he thrust himself forward as he does? If a man has any place in society, he is generally allowed to take it without pushing for it.”

“What regiment does he, or did he command?” asked the deserted Sir Peter, who now stood on the other side of Lady Kilmany; “my son has seen a good deal of service, and may have met with him.” It was on the part of his absent son that Sir Peter was paying court to Mrs. Bellevue.

“Regiment—ah—,” said Glandore,

“really I forget ; you must ask himself.”

Mrs. Bellevue was just asking the colonel the same question.

“Regiment !” he repeated ; “yes,—yes.—There’s a fellow with ices ; shall I bring you a glass ?”

Mrs. Bellevue assented, and the ice was brought with the most flattering *empressement* of manner possible.

“But I have interrupted you,” said Mrs. Bellevue ; “you were about to say what regiment.”

“Yes—yes—true, we were speaking of my regiment.—Very fine regiment :—hot work in South America—lost a great many men.”

“Indeed !” said Mrs. Bellevue, “and what regiment did you say it was ?”

“Regiment—yes—yes,—allow me to put your glass down.”

This service was performed accordingly, and the colonel returning to his post, begged to know if there was any thing else he could procure for Mrs. Bellevue.

“ Nothing more, thank you, and I ought to beg a thousand pardons for interrupting you so often. You were just speaking of your regiment.—What regiment was it, did you say ?”

“ Yes— yes—” recommenced the colonel, “ when we were in South America— yes,— we lost a great many men, and were obliged to employ great numbers of the native Blacks.”

“ The *Blacks*, did you say ?” asked Mrs. Bellevue : the music was rather loud at the moment, so that she had not heard very distinctly. “ I know a great many officers of the Blues,” she continued ; “ but I cannot remember to have heard of the Blacks before.”

“The Blacks!” repeated the colonel, “eh—eh—eh— your wit is almost as sparkling as your eyes! My regiment is, I am sure, highly honoured, in having received a new title from those beautiful lips.”

“A new title!” said Mrs. Bellevue; “am I wrong then?”

“Wrong! how could you be wrong? at least, according to my creed, perfect loveliness cannot err.”

“Nay, Colonel Trump,” said Mrs. Bellevue, “I am so much accustomed to compliments, that they really have no effect. It is, to use a military illustration, quite a waste of ammunition.”

The colonel, however, continued, in his own expressive language, “to fire away;” and though his compliments, it must be confessed, wanted the charm of delicacy,

such was the assiduity of his manner, the instantaneous supply of every imagined want or wish, and the seemingly honest-hearted satisfaction with which every trivial service was performed, that Mrs. Bellevue began almost to reproach herself for making unmerciful fun of the colonel.

The quadrille now ending, Colonel Trump and Mrs. Bellevue rejoined the knot of exclusives. Lady Mary and Lord Liddesdale also returned to the side of Lady Kilmany, nor did either of them dance again.

The colonel also took the hint; and, refraining from the vulgarity of further exertion, attended the party for the remainder of the evening; for now, that through the medium of Mrs. Bellevue he had cemented his connexion with the chosen few, he was not to be shaken off.

During tea he made himself provokingly

useful : even Lady Kilmany, after rejecting things she really wanted, for the purpose of checking his forwardness, was obliged to accept from his hand a cup of tea sent to her by Lady Summerton, of which he had contrived to be the bearer. Towards Mrs. Bellevue his attentions, in the midst of all his bustle and anxiety, were so nearly tender, so almost affectionate, that she could scarcely refrain from laughing out at their premature absurdity. Yet, oh vanity! vanity! she fancied too that it was her own charms which had so dazzled and bewildered the man, that he did not know what he was about. Nay, she even thought there was an *honesty*, a *candour*, almost an innocence of character, in being so completely thrown off one's guard by one's feelings. And though there certainly was a want of knowledge of the world, yet knowledge

of the world was not a very loveable characteristic after all.

When it began to be buzzed about that the supper-room door would shortly open, the colonel felt a longing to offer his arm to Lady Kilmany; but even *he* had not sufficient *moral courage*, commonly called impudence, for such an exploit. Indeed, we must do him the justice to say, that merely a confused idea of the glory of the enterprise, could it have been achieved, crossed his imagination. Lady Kilmany was shortly after led to the supper-room supported by two noblemen. As to Lady Mary, she seemed the undisputed property of Lord Liddesdale, though Glandore attended on the other side. Mrs. Bellevue, however, while leaning on Sir Peter, on one side, accepted the colonel's arm on the other. His *candour* was here again his

friend. It was ridiculous enough, to be sure, thought Mrs. Bellevue, in a man to talk about love on an hour's acquaintance ; yet, accustomed as she was to making conquests, and to doubting the sincerity of her admirers on account of her brilliant prospects, this, she thought, could not be design : it was too clumsily done ; a man who had been acting a part would have taken a reasonable time, and fallen in love by feasible degrees. However far therefore from polished the poor man was, he must, at least, be sincere : and, to Mrs. Bellevue, who was so beset by those she knew to be insincere, sincerity, like charity, covered a multitude of sins.

When the ladies were being handed to their carriages, the gallant colonel contrived to add some leaves, at least, if not absolutely sprigs of laurel to his former

trophies ; for he so posted himself at the carriage-step, that both Lady Kilmany and Lady Mary Kilmore, though handed down by their respective cavaliers, were obliged to accept of some little assistance from him. As to Mrs. Bellevue, he went so far as to press her hand when bidding her good-night. This was certainly rather an impertinent proof of his sincerity ; and so Mrs. Bellevue thought, despite her beautiful theories in favour of that rare virtue.

Could she have overheard the conversation of the friends, and thus been made aware that her thousands were the charms, which had so “*dazzled and bewildered the man,*” and that all the “*sincerity*” of which he was capable, was a sincere desire to possess himself of her *money*, she might have been spared the commission of many

follies, and the endurance of much uneasiness.

It is a common error, to denounce *money* as the root of all evil. We, however, propose to prove, ere we bring these volumes to a close, especially while tracing the progress of Colonel Trump and his friend Glandore, that this is a most cruel slander; for it is the want of *money*, not its possession, which is the source of all the mischiefs complained of—it being in the struggle for wealth that crimes and worthless actions are committed; while no one can deny that we need not struggle for that which we already have. On this principle, Glandore himself often wittily observed, that his desire to become rich proceeded from an abstract love of virtue, that he might no longer have any temptation to do wrong!

Colonel Trump, however, declares that his strong attachment to *sovereigns* proceeded entirely from a spirit of loyalty, and that just horror of republican principles, which becomes an officer in his Majesty's service.

CHAPTER III.

THE next day Lady Kilmany, her daughter, Lady Mary Kilmore, and Lord Liddesdale, were among the departures from the Royal Hotel for London.

The colonel, however, had been seen the whole of the preceding evening in attendance upon those distinguished personages. It was quite sufficient. He had received the stamp of sterling coin, and was likely to pass current the rest of the season. One lady in particular, a Mrs. Pine-

apple, of whom we shall hereafter have occasion to make mention, and whose organ of philo-dignitiveness was prodigious, never named him without smiling sweetly, and adding, "The friend of my friend Lady Kilmany." Thus was he handed down from one to another, and allowed by all to be a desirable beau. Even rational people when asked who he was, were not ashamed to reply, "Indeed I don't know, but he seemed to be with Lady Kilmany's party all the evening at that great ball at the rooms." To return, however, from our anticipations: — the morning after the said ball Colonel Trump called on his friend Glandore, at the Royal Hotel, and found him, about two o'clock, at breakfast in his sleeping apartment, the only private one to which he was entitled, for bed and breakfast were all he contem-

plated requiring at the hotel, intending, every day, to favour some friend or other with his company to dinner. Why he should be so particular we cannot pretend to say, for we should be sorry to go to the length of asserting that he had any intention of paying for even the limited accommodation, of which he thus availed himself.

The friends had viewed from the windows the travelling carriage of Lady Kilmany, the stowing of parcels, the packing of ladies' maids into rumble-tumbles, &c. &c., and, finally, the entrance of the ladies themselves into the carriage.

At this part of the ceremony the colonel wished to run down and offer his services, but was withheld by Glandore, who assured him it would be bad taste.

“So they are gone!” said Trump.

“ But Mrs. Bellevue is not, and she is the spec —— for you.”

“ Probably, as you say, it would be most prudent. I have made some impressions in that quarter, I flatter myself. But why don't you strike up to her yourself, Glandore, if she has the prospects you speak of?”

“ Why, in the first place, Trump, I have not the good fortune to possess an irresistible pair of whiskers like yours; and, besides, in sober sadness, my high connexions, which you seem to envy me so much, make my circumstances as a younger brother too conspicuous to be concealed. Some prudent mothers, with large families of daughters, object to my acquaintance on that account; and though it happens (with those few exceptions) to be in general the fashion

to admit me among the exclusives, no one ever dreams of me as a marrying man. But remember, if you get the widow, you will owe your good fortune to my introduction, and — a — it's time enough, however, to talk of terms. You have a much better chance, I can tell you, now that Lady Kilmany is gone. The widow has no other very particular friends here, certainly none exactly in that set. She will now, therefore, be more come-at-able; and as for old Bellevue, he is such a miserable invalid, that he will not be much, nor, I should suppose long, in the way."

"Ah — yes — as you say, if the old fellow would but slip his wind, so that the *money* were a dead certainty, I should like the business much better."

"So would more than you, I can tell

you. You would then have so many rivals that you would stand, I fear, but a poor chance. This is the time for you to pretend total ignorance of her prospects, and consequent disinterestedness, and so carry off the prize."

"But are you sure she is a prize? Are you sure the old fellow won't play her a trick yet, and leave the money away from her?"

"Can't."

"But how? You said yourself last night that it was not absolutely settled upon her."

"Why it is, and it is not. At the time, you see, of her marriage with her late husband, Mansfield, her father insisted on a settlement, to which old Bellevue, at the earnest entreaty of his son, at length consented to be a party; and which secures

to her, without reversion or condition, the whole property, with but one reserve, namely, that if the father-in-law should choose to marry again, that circumstance, and that only, gives him again the disposal of his whole property. This blot nearly broke off the match. However, the marriage of the old quiz was judged so improbable, that, after some demurring, Mansfield gave in, and the business went on again."

"And what sort of a fellow is this Bellevue?"

"Oh, one leg in the grave, and nothing wanting to finish him but strength to pull the other after it. Besides, she nurses him herself; so, if she keeps to her post, there is not much danger of his getting fond of any one else."

"Shall I call on her to-day?" demanded the colonel.

“ I fear she will think you too forward.”

“ I asked her leave last night ; and she gave a sort of laughing consent.”

“ In that case you are bound to do so. Fortunately for your hopes, Mrs. Bellevue married so young, and has been so much since in a sick room, that she does not know much of the world ; and now that she is deprived of her friend Lady Kilmany’s notes and comments on the text, there is no saying but your confounded impudence may pass for ardour.”

“ You are pleased to compliment. But the women don’t like your modest men, I can tell you.”

“ You never were more mistaken in your life : there is nothing so disgusting to a woman of good taste as forwardness. But so few women can afford to choose, or

venture to show the disapprobation they feel, lest they should be minus a husband or a partner, that men can seldom come at the truth."

"You don't pretend to tell me that women like a lout of a fellow that hasn't a word to say for himself?"

"Far from it; a man must have a good deal to say for himself, and it must be much to the purpose too, and withal modestly said, if to please is his ambition. However, no one, now-a-days, thinks of using those minor agents in obtaining his ends. Money has become the sole locomotive principle in the machinery of mind. The philosopher's stone, turning every thing to gold, was a mighty fine fable; but give me the gold itself, which, without any fable, you can turn into every thing you want, from a wife to a boot! It is in

fact the universal desideratum. The elder brothers pursue it, I suppose, because they know its value by the sweets of spending it; the women and the younger brothers—I speak feelingly—because they, alas! know its value, to their cost, by the pain of wanting it! What a misfortune it is to be a younger brother! I always say, if parents intend to provide for only one child, they ought to drown the rest as people do puppies and kittens. Had I been put out of pain before they were guilty of the extravagance of purchasing Valenciennes lace to trim my caps, what agonies should I have been spared! what fatiguing efforts of genius to raise the wind! what palpitations of the heart at the sound of a single knock! what melting of the marrow in my bones at the sight of a constable!”

“It is partly your own fault, Glandore, you ought to follow some profession : your brother, you tell me, has offered you a commission over and over again.”

“Yes, in a marching regiment ! If he would get me one in the Guards, I would take it. Talking of regiments, by the bye, they were all asking me last night what regiment yours was. What shall I say ?”

“Say ! say nothing, faith ; least said is soonest mended. I got enough of that at Harrowgate. I was only a major there, you know ; and I happened to name the Fourteenth as my regiment, when, as ill-luck would have it, who should join our *table d'hôte*, that very day, but two officers of the Fourteenth ! A buzz began about brother-officer. ‘We have had a brother-officer of yours here some time — Major Trump.’ Looks were next directed my

way. Questions followed, and questions, faith, that I had something to do to answer. To make a long story short, my brother-officers fought so shy of me, that I was glad enough to take myself off in double-quick time. I shall not try that game again."

"Come, away! let's see what the widow says to it this morning."

"She was asking me about my regiment too. But with women one can always change the subject by giving them an ice, or a compliment to swallow."

CHAPTER IV.

THE friends proceeded together to pay the projected visit. They found the fair widow alone, looking very beautiful, and employed in caressing a favourite dog.

The colonel, after some compliments to the mistress, *not* peculiarly happy for the delicacy with which they were turned, was beginning to be nearly as rapturous in his praises of the dog, when the door was flung open, and old Bellevue, assisted by two servants, made his appearance. The

colonel cast his glances about, perceived an easy chair, flew towards it, rolled it near the fire, beat up the pillows it contained, and assisted to ensconce the invalid within its capacious arms. Mrs. Bellevue, meanwhile, had brought from the other side of the fire a footstool, that she carefully placed beneath the leg, which, being rolled in flannel, proclaimed itself the ailing one.

While doing so, she looked up at him who was thus, with such seeming assiduity, aiding her in the task that for years she had performed alone, and accompanied the look with a smile of grateful approbation, of which, could she have analysed the secret motives of her assistant, he was little worthy.

“Not very like a bridegroom,” thought the colonel, as he scanned old Bellevue’s

whole appearance ; and the reflection produced an overflow of tenderness towards the fair widow, which, in its turn, inspired a whispered compliment on the fascination surrounding youth and beauty like hers, employed thus in the angelic office of soothing and sustaining the infirmities of age. In their after acquaintance, he often adverted to the subject, spoke of the heightened colour, the becoming attitude, &c. &c., and, finally, when things came to a declaration, he averred that it was at that moment he had lost his heart. The bewitching vision, he said, had ever since floated before his mind's eye. In the darkness of night, it was an inward illumination to his memory. In the solitude of his own chamber, it was his constant companion.

He saw the subject pleased ; and, thus

encouraged, once ventured to hint, that when this nocturnal visitant appeared to him *tête-à-tête*, he sometimes took the liberty of longing to clasp it to his heart. This was going rather too far. Mrs. Bellevue turned away with a blush so deep, that it was evidently one of anger. But she soon forgave the inadvertency, as women usually do all offences, which either are, or affect to be, the result of love for themselves. After the morning we have described, the colonel, who did not require much encouragement, became a constant visitor.

The pillows of the great chair were frequently beaten and shaken, and various attentions, of a like nature, paid the old gentleman, till Trump became a reigning favourite. Invitations to dinner followed, and the parties being inmates of the same hotel, an intimacy of no common nature

soon arose. Old Bellevue began to take it ill, if that good-natured fellow Trump, however numerous his later gay engagements might be, missed an evening to come in and have a game of backgammon with him ; and, as he always slept a couple of hours in his easy chair first, the colonel by coming in early, (he never drank wine at his own expense,) had generally a tolerably long *tête-à-tête* with the fair widow before the old man woke up. Nay, he even got into a way of slipping in unannounced and on tiptoe, on pretext of not disturbing Bellevue. And sometimes Elizabeth, as on such occasions he in whispers ventured to call her, would see him on his knees at her feet before she was aware that he had entered the room.

More than once, he found her in tears ; for old Bellevue had a miserable thankless

temper ; and poor Elizabeth, who for want of a more worthy object of her affections, loved the helpless being she saw dependant upon her for every comfortable moment of his existence, would often feel cut to the heart by the ungraciousness of his manner.

These were moments, when the seeming good-nature of the colonel found easy access to the heart of Elizabeth. That the slumbers of the invalid might not be broken, it was necessary to whisper the tender inquiry as to the cause of those interesting tears ; nay, sometimes the inquiry was only implied by a silent pressure of the hand. As the summer drew near, and the evenings became inviting, Elizabeth would sometimes leave the housekeeper, who, being also assistant sick-nurse, always travelled with them, to sit and watch the

slumbers of Bellevue, lest he should wake before her return, and go out, leaning on the arm of Colonel Trump to breathe a little refreshing air. From the beauty of the country in the immediate neighbourhood, they generally found temptations to prolong their stroll, as numerous as irresistible. The holly walk, beneath rows of trees the most magnificent any where to be met with, was chosen on warm evenings for the agreeable shade it afforded; and, as the air cooled, our wanderers would extend their ramble through the adjacent meadows, or stand, lover-like, forgetting the passing of time, on pretext of admiring the prospect from the stile, whence the spire of the parish church, the colonnade of the baths, the bridge, the river, the mill, and some fine clumps of wood, are all visible in peculiarly picturesque combination.

Indeed, all the scenery in the vicinity of Leamington possesses, in an eminent degree, the ornament of luxuriant wooding.

The wilderness was visited next, and long lingered in ; then were the brows of the Newbold hills gradually ascended. As soon as the lovers reached the top, the colonel, having met with a guide-book at the hotel, and got it by heart for the purpose, faced about, and standing on the highest point, like an auctioneer on a table, began to spout : “ Look, Elizabeth,” he said, “ how charming that distant view of Warwick, with the picturesque turrets of the castle, and St. Mary’s tower ! And there is Leamington, that, to me, the dearest spot on earth, for there I first saw you ! And what a sweet glimpse that is of Radford,” continued he, pointing : “ and see,

that is Offchurch tower, where once stood the stately palace of Offa, king of Mercia; and that the famous fox-covert, Ufton wood; and that is Whitnash; and that is Tachbroke to the right; and, do observe, how beautifully the whole prospect is bounded by the Shuckburgh and Edge hills!" He next told her, with an appropriate tender look, that the grove they were now entering was called the Lovers' walk. The remark produced a most becoming blush.

He then proposed that they should extend their walk to the village of Lillington, informing her, with the air of an antiquary, that it derived its name from the old English word *lytham*, signifying little. Elizabeth, unconscious of the friendly hints obtained from the guide-book, began to think her companion really an intelligent man, and possessed of almost a poet's susceptibility to the beauties of nature.

At Lillington the colonel had much to tell, too tedious to repeat, about Geoffry de Clinton, and the monks of Kenilworth ; and finally, after all this agreeable straying, he contrived to lead her home by quite another path, not more than a mile in length, and chiefly through a delightfully romantic green lane. Another evening they wandered along the shady, and every where beautiful, road to Warwick ; lingered on Emscote bridge, to admire the peculiarly lovely prospect from thence—the blending of wood and water, meadow and rising ground, the arches of the grand aqueduct, the Rock mill, with still the almost every where to be seen turrets of Warwick castle, in picturesque grouping with the spires of the churches. So delightful were those rambles, that, what with love, and scenery, and favourable weather, the walk to Offchurch, of three miles,

was not found too long, though much extended by wandering about the old church, the pretty parsonage, the gothic mansion, and extensive park, adorned by a beautiful piece of water, and numerous noble trees, conspicuous among which stands the famous chestnut, spreading its branches to a distance that would afford shelter to three hundred persons. In short, the numberless beauties of the neighbourhood afforded our lovers so many excuses to ramble, that to accompany them in all their walks, without enjoying, as they did, refreshing air, and the interchange of tender sighs, might become tedious.

There was Radford, the Roman fosse, Ufton, Whitnash, Tachbroke, Milverton, Cubbington, &c. &c. Passing over all these, then, we shall only once more act the invidious part of spy on the movements

of the happy wanderers, for the purpose of giving the following favourable specimen of the tender assiduities, by which the colonel, on all occasions, endeavoured to further his suit. The lovers had chosen that beautiful foot-way which leads through the fields towards Guy's Cliff. The towers of Warwick Castle and the spires of the churches as usual in view, and forming a magnificent group, distinctly outlined against the sky, seemed to accompany them step by step, on their way.

Elizabeth's admiration of the prospect was a good deal interrupted (we shall not say to her disagreeably) by the anxiety of her companion. There had been a little rain in the morning: he took off his gloves, and felt the grass with his hands, to ascertain that it was not damp for her feet. Then, though it did not seem to be so, he

insisted on her keeping strictly to the beaten path. He then tenderly blamed her for not having put on thicker-soled shoes: then adjusted and re-adjusted her shawl: then, in front of a gateway near an old-fashioned farm-house, whence the view of the cliff itself is most favourable, he spread his handkerchief on a sloping bank for her to sit upon, that she might rest while viewing the prospect.

Having descended the hill, and seen the water, the wooden bridge, the mill, and the cliff from thence, all so well worth seeing, they were returning homeward, fearful of being late, when, about half way, and as far as possible from shelter, a sudden thunder-storm came on. The distracted colonel hurried his dearest Elizabeth (as in this unguarded moment he ventured to call her) beneath the shade of a stunted oak,

which stands at the side of the path in the corner of one of the fields. Here he actually took off his frock-coat, one which, though he had had it some time, he had taken such care of, that it was as good as new. Of this, with the assistance of a drooping branch, he formed an awning over the head of his precious charge; Elizabeth protesting the while with real gratitude, and genuine feeling, against his exposing himself thus, on her account; and he protesting, in his turn, how little he cared about himself when her precious safety was at stake; and calculating, all the time, how little he need care about the price of a new coat, if he had but the spending of six thousand a-year. Nay, so great was the ardour of his feelings, while such arithmetical thoughts were agitating his bosom, that he could scarcely refrain

from embracing, under pretext of sheltering, the fair source of so much projected bliss.

This accurate description of the sensations of Colonel Trump is thus minutely given, with the philosophical purpose of explaining the process by which even money-hunters sometimes contrive to be, to the very best of their own belief, in love with the *living incumbrance* on the estates they marry.

As they walked home, at as quick a pace as possible, Elizabeth reproached herself for having inwardly thought, on the first evening of their acquaintance, that Colonel Trump was not elegant. His manners were certainly not exactly those of the generality of the men of fashion she had met with ; but why ?—because he had too warm and kind a heart to adopt the

measured and artificial observances of the world. His feelings were always throwing him off his guard : and was not one grain of genuine feeling worth a world full of fashion ? There could be no other reason why Colonel Trump should not be as polished as any body else : he was a man of excellent connexions, good fortune, and high army rank. And were he none of these, with one so truly solicitous for her happiness, so tenderly watchful of her most trivial comforts, so devotedly, so fondly attached, and, above all, so *honest*-hearted, and perfectly free from *selfishness*, she could not fail of being happy !

While these reflections were passing through her mind, the colonel was eloquently insisting on the numerous precautions she must take immediately on arriving at the hotel. And she, as they ascended

the stairs, promised all, on the flattering condition, that he would take equal care of himself.

The colonel now hurriedly related their adventure to Bellevue, recommended that Elizabeth should take some hot negus, put her feet in warm water, and go immediately to bed. He next ran for, and actually gave directions to Mrs. Carter, Elizabeth's maid.

As for the negus, he mixed it himself, and also took the opportunity of mixing *for himself* an abundant precautionary portion, which he thus obtained, on his own favourite terms—that is, free of all cost.

CHAPTER V.

IN obedience to the commands of a father more ambitious than affectionate, and to escape the tyranny of an unkind and violent-tempered stepmother, poor Elizabeth had, when little more than a child, been induced to marry a man for whom she had no preference, who was nearly three times her age, and who, from the harshness of his nature and austerity of his manners, was very unlikely to gain her affections. His sudden death, within a

twelvemonth after their marriage, had severed the uncongenial tie before it had time to be cemented into one even of habit. They happened to be, when the event took place, on a visit at the house of old Bellevue the father : he was very ill, and Elizabeth was kindly nurse-tending him. From day to day, from week to week, from month to month, and from year to year, for now near five years had she continued to do so ; at first, because his death was hourly expected ; and afterwards, because, though it was misery to live with him, it was evident he could not live without her. She felt it, in short, impossible to forsake one so thoroughly helpless. His miserly habits, his suspicious disposition, and thankless nature, while they made her wretched, strange to say, became in some measure additional ties ; for, in driving

from him all others, they rendered him more entirely dependent on her; and by the wise and admirable ordination of Providence, so irresistible is the power of helplessness in drawing our affections towards the objects of our care, that Elizabeth by this time even loved old Bellevue—enough, at least, to be rendered as wretched by the perpetual sight of his sufferings as by the endless worry of his temper; though not enough to find one redeeming moment of satisfaction in his society.

Thus had her kindly affections been hitherto without a resting-place.

She knew too, as yet, but little of the world: a school-room, a sick-room, and, on a very few special occasions, a ball-room, were the chief varieties of scene to which she had as yet been introduced. These circumstances must account for her want

of penetration, when the clumsy coinage of Colonel Trump could pass current with her for sterling worth of character. She had too much good taste not to perceive that he had faults of manner and phraseology, &c. &c.; but she thought those of a description that ought not to weigh a feather in the balance, when sincerity and thorough kind-heartedness were in the opposite scale. That a heart so kind was all her own too, was an argument, which doubtless had its share in biassing her better judgment.

Her beauty and her hopes of fortune had, 'tis true, procured her many lovers before the appearance of the gallant colonel; some had been complimentary, some passionate; but none had taken the liberty of offering those domestic, if we may use the expression, and seemingly affectionate,

sort of attentions, which, from never having received such at home, had formed the very paradise of Elizabeth's imagination !

She who had all her life been taking care of others, with scarcely thanks for her pains, and who had never herself been the care of any one—what must she have *felt* while her devoted lover was feeling the grass with his hands, lest it should be damp to the soles of her feet ! From that moment, we will not say she gave him, but certainly she lent him, her heart.

Indeed we are very much disposed to think, that on most occasions on which hearts are supposed to be given away, they are, in fact, but lent till the thorough acquaintance with the real merits of the object, which domestic life alone affords,

confirms the gift, or (miserable alternative!) dispels the illusion. Thus, what is commonly called growing tired of each other, is, more probably, finding each other out; for it is quite impossible to love an unamiable person, when once you know him to be such; while, on the other hand, who that is amiable himself could, during the intimacy of domestic life, find in one who, as a mere acquaintance, had been agreeable to his taste, all of which his judgment must approve, and, still more, those endearing virtues to which the heart would warm were they but described of an imaginary being, and not love the possessor of such loveable qualities more and more every day?

Who can describe the tenderness of the colonel's inquiries the next morning? They were made so early, that he came in for a

share of the breakfast, and were prolonged so late, that he was asked to dinner; a civility he had no sort of objection to accept, for more than one good reason of his own. First, he was living on his friend Glandore's plan, so that each dinner was so much saved; and, secondly, he knew by experience that old Bellevue, who was a great gourmand, had usually every luxury of the season at his table. The colonel carved something of which Elizabeth was to be helped to a part. The plates he remarked were not warm. The waiter had quitted the room for a moment; Trump, in his great anxiety, rose from the table to heat a plate for Elizabeth himself, and, (oh, all ye colonels in the army, what would ye say if ye saw your rank so degraded?) knelt while he did so! Bellevue, who had been for some time past beginning to suspect

that the old child had been fondled only for the sake of the young nurse, remarked, sulkily enough, that his plate was quite cold, and ordered the waiter, who was now returned, to warm him one. Shortly after, he requested, at once peevishly and pompously, that Colonel Trump would give him a little gravy if he could spare it. The colonel, instantly flourishing the spoon, gave his elbow a peculiar jerk, which possessed the happy knack of exhibiting an uncommon eagerness to oblige, while, by causing nearly as much of the demanded luxury as made its entrance on one side of the spoon to make its exit on the other, there was no imprudent expenditure of what might hereafter be required. The flourish was repeated three times; and yet poor Bellevue's plate returned to him nearly as liquidless as before.

Soon after this, the colonel had occasion to help himself; but, as it was *only* himself, there was no necessity to be eager; he therefore quietly raised the dish at one end, and as quietly dipped the spoon in at the other, so that now (though by the careless drawing up of his eyebrows at the moment, it was evidently a matter of indifference to him) the spoon was conveyed to the plate each time brimming full.

Such trifles may, at first sight, seem scarcely worthy of notice; yet they best delineate the character. Had we simply said that Trump was selfish, we might have led our readers into an error; for there are moral alchymists who attempt to trace an alloy of this most unloveable quality blended with all our highest motives and best affections; and if such opinions have any truth, the characteristics of Colonel

Trump must have been of quite a distinct species, as no mystery of mental chymistry could, by possibility, have made it amalgamate with any thing great or good. It was, in the strictest sense of the expression, animal selfishness ; low cunning was its caterer, and gluttony its daily sustenance.

In the evening, Bellevue, notwithstanding his ill-humour at dinner, went to sleep, or seemed to do so, full as soon and as soundly as usual ; on which the colonel approached Elizabeth on tip-toe, and assumed his favourite attitude of kneeling beside her with one arm leaning on the back of the chair, while he gazed up in her face in a manner he meant for sentimental. From time to time, when he could think of nothing better to say, he would whisper “ Dearest Elizabeth ! ” when she would

tell him, also in a whisper, not to be foolish; but smile while she said so. At length he ventured to murmur some remonstrances about the slavery she endured: he could not bear, he said, to see it! really the old fellow's temper was quite intolerable!

Elizabeth was shocked, begged him to be silent, and looked with terror towards the sleeper. A re-assuring snore proceeded at the moment from old Bellevue, and the colonel answered, "It's easy enough to talk; some people can act a part, but, faith, I can't!"

"For my sake you must," she replied; then rising cautiously, she took her seat at the table, opened her work-box, and insisted on her lover seating himself at a decorous distance. Soon after this Bellevue awoke.

There was certainly a change in his manner : pettish, peevish, and even surly, he was in general ; but there was now superadded a sort of mock politeness ; any little attention offered him, he rejected with profuse thanks, pronounced in a loud, pompous, and ironical tone, accompanied by a satirical sort of laugh.

With a rather inconvenient effort, he got at the bell, and, when it was answered, ordered the housekeeper up, to make some arrangements about his footstool—a service that Elizabeth had hitherto always performed. He refused to play his game of backgammon, and shortly after, out of a silence painful to all, said abruptly, he was sorry to be so unpolite, but that he must request Colonel Trump to leave them, as he felt too much indisposed to entertain company, and should be under the necessity of retiring to rest very early.

The colonel pretended blindness to all this ill-humour, lamented the sad sufferings of his host, and handed in his cup for a renewed supply of tea, for which he composedly waited, as well as to make a clearance of the cakes and bread and butter; declaring the while, that being, as he expressed it, a great tea-man, it amounted to a proof of possessing every possible domestic virtue. At length he took himself off.

“Intolerable indeed! Intolerable enough, faith!” muttered Bellevue. Elizabeth was silent. The sleep then had been assumed; all had been heard.

“I am no longer master of my own house, ’twould seem!” He began again, “Mighty civil and obliging the fellow could be, to be sure, till he got fairly in. He thinks, I suppose, he has nothing to do to get at the cash but marry a willing mis-

tress ; but there are two words to that, I can tell him."

"Indeed, sir, you are mistaken," said Elizabeth ; "there is no one thinking of marrying—at present !"

"Oh, no ! of course not ! It's merely a religious turn the young man has taken of late. He's fond of saying his prayers, that's all !" Elizabeth blushed, and made no reply. "I am to be left to die when I please, the sooner the more convenient, for that matter."

"I assure you, sir," commenced Elizabeth—

"Oh, pray, madam," he interrupted, "I beg I may not, for a moment, stand in the way of people's felicity ! I am not quite so dependent on your attentions as you may imagine," he added, with a certain self-satisfied sort of laugh ; then ringing again,

and calling for the housekeeper, he took her arm, and hobbled off, refusing the share of assistance he had usually received from Elizabeth.

CHAPTER VI.

THE strange being we have just seen make his exit had in youth been pleasing in appearance, and occasionally, when in good-humour, so witty and agreeable in his conversation, that he was the very life and soul of the company. But his temper, one which his friends complimented with the title of odd, was a constitutional infirmity over which he had never endeavoured to obtain controul, and of which, consequently, he became every day more and

more the slave. This affected his manners, making them on the slightest provocation peculiarly ungracious ; nay, sometimes they would even be so without any cause except an inward sensation of fretfulness. When quite a young man, he met with and became attached to a very young girl, pretty, amiable, and accomplished ; but unhappily the daughter of a divorced mother. Her father, who had married again, left her at school, and refused, from resentment against her mother, even to see her.

The mistress of the school too happened to be a worthless woman, who, because the unfortunate girl was but poorly paid for, and had no friends to look after her, treated her very ill. Unused therefore to kindness, the disinterested preference of Bellevue soon won her whole heart in return. She had no fortune, he had an ample one :

with feelings therefore of the warmest gratitude as well as the most devoted affection she became his wife, and thanked Heaven fervently on her knees for the blessed change in her fate, when she, who had been friendless and deserted, found herself loving and beloved. But, alas! she was not destined for happiness. Bellevue had, as we have already stated, an odd temper—a greater misfortune perhaps for his wife, than if he had had a straightforward, downright bad one. If a woman must either die at first of a broken head, or at last of a broken heart, we are disposed to think that her sum of suffering would be much the least by choosing the former alternative.

For a time, the novelty of mutual first love kept Bellevue in perfect good-humour; but, gradually, his strange, unaccountable,

constitutional irritability began to steal upon him.

At first he would reply without the slightest provocation a little ungraciously, then get so much provoked with himself for having done so, that he would behave worse and worse throughout the remainder of the day, though all the time sorry for what he was doing.

A generous confession of the nature of his temper and the state of his feelings would have set all right; but he was too proud to own he had been wrong; so suffered his poor wife to weep un comforted, and wonder what she had done to offend him. In time, such scenes became of frequent recurrence; till poor Mrs. Bellevue began to be almost afraid to speak, always fancying that she must have said something to vex him, and now interdicting

herself this subject, and now that. Could she have known, could she have understood, that he laboured under an absolute mental malady, and was literally the slave of a bad habit, of which, while he was but half conscious, he was ashamed ; could she have guessed that it was, in fact, with himself he was angry, how soon, how gladly would she have forgiven him ! how fondly, how tenderly, would she have comforted him !

Alas ! how much happiness might he have purchased at the expense of a little pride, and the trouble of a little self-government ! but he would not so obtain it. It was in vain that his wife kept silence, and was kind, mild, and forbearing ; whenever, after having been guilty of any instance of rude or captious conduct, his conscience told him that he deserved to be

reproached, or scolded, as he called it, he got, by some unlucky sympathy, a feeling as if he *had been* scolded. When, on such occasions, it happened that Mrs. Bellevue had not opened her lips, he could not exactly commence the dialogue by asserting that she had scolded him; he would therefore begin by saying, "Now I see you want to scold me, just to gratify that sulky pouting temper of yours." If she happened to reply, "No indeed, my dear, I do not," it was quite sufficient; she had spoken, and he now reproached her with being always scolding him, and making his life a burden to him. If tears started in her eyes at this, he became almost mad with vexation at being the cause of them; and, strange contradiction! instead of soothing her whom he had grieved, he lost all self-command, used the bitterest and most

unhandsome language, accused her of not caring about him, of treating him shamefully, of only wishing for his death, of crying merely to gratify her own bad temper, and out of disappointment because she could not get her own way. At first, she sometimes almost thought he must be jesting; at other times, she would take a panic, and fear he was going deranged, or that he would do so some time or other; and this idea would often prey upon her mind in secret. Yet it was vain to think and calculate; there was nothing to be done. She early found that the gentlest explanations, nay, the kindest entreaties that he would but let her love him, were not only vain, but that they were resented as reproaches; so that she had nothing for it but to suffer in silence. To make a long story short, she broke her heart, and then,

all the years of a long life, he continued

when it was too late, Bellevue found out how thoroughly amiable she was, and how much he loved her, though the obstinate sort of pride we have already noticed would not let him show his love while it might have made her happy. When she was dangerously ill, and he began to be alarmed for her life, he said one day, in an affectionate and penitent tone, (it was the first concession he had ever made,) "I fear, my dear, I have not been as kind to you as I ought to have been."

The unusual sounds threw open the long closed floodgates of tenderness; not that she had ever ceased to love her husband, but, that from mingled fear and hopelessness, she had ceased to evince or indulge any of her feelings.

She burst into a violent paroxysm of tears, and passed from that to hysterical

laughter. When this had subsided into stillness, Bellevue gazed at her, for a few seconds, with a growing dread of he scarcely knew what ; then tried to arouse her—but she was no more !

The heart that had loved him fondly, that might have loved him always, had ceased to beat for ever ! He felt that he had been the cause of her untimely death ; His despair knew no bounds : he alternately raved like a madman, and wept like a child ; and finally, when tired of this state of active suffering, settled into moroseness—seeming to think, nay, actually feeling as though it would be an offence to the memory of his poor wife, were he ever to be, by any chance, civil or complaisant to any body else, considering that he had never been so to her. As to being happy himself, it was out of the question. Through all the years of a long life, he continued

to be miserable ; and at last became the snarling, unloved, unloving, and unloveable old man we exhibited in our last chapter.

The only child his heart-broken wife left him was the son we have already mentioned as the late husband of Elizabeth the beautiful widow, our present Mrs. Bellevue.

We should apologise for thus interrupting our narrative, by recalling events long passed, did we not think that, from the melancholy tale we have just related, a useful lesson might be drawn by those disposed to permit the fatal habit of an ungracious manner to grow upon them. It is incalculable, the sum of possible happiness, which is thus heedlessly cast away—the accumulation of certain misery, which is thus needlessly incurred ; yet, very frequently, no harm is meant.

Beware then, all ye who are young,

whose habits are not yet confirmed, beware, in the name of domestic peace, love, hope, charity, beware of permitting in yourselves an ungracious manner. Be not careless of the happiness of others, and your own will, in most instances, be the blessed and well-merited result.

CHAPTER VII.

AFTER the dinner and sleeping scene, Colonel Trump was but sulkily received by Bellevue. Our hero, however, was not the man to take a hint that did not suit his own plans : he therefore came just as often, and behaved just as though he perceived no change whatever in the manners of his host. The old gentleman having, principally out of ill-humour, announced his determination of returning

shortly to town, Elizabeth became very anxious to see all that was to be seen in the neighbourhood: nor was the natural wish likely to be lessened either by the idea that the colonel would, of course, be of the party, or by the constant conversation on the subject, of a family staying at the hotel, with whom the Bellevues happened to be previously acquainted, and who had the usual round of excursions in view. They spoke in raptures of the pleasure they anticipated, and railed at Elizabeth for talking of going away.

Who could think of leaving Leamington now, they said, just as the height of the season was approaching, and all the world would be coming to it?

Colonel Trump, who wished to show how much he was the fashion, put in his word here, and observed, that Leamington

seemed to him to be always in season : “ You ladies,” he said, “ and the ladies must be always right, you ladies speak of summer and autumn as the season—and I can answer for it, that the whole winter through, I have not been one evening without an invitation to some gay ball, rout, or dinner.” It was very true, but he owed it all to Glandore’s introduction ; which introduction Glandore would never have given, had he not had his own reasons for doing so. One of the young ladies of this party had a peculiar gift of volubility. Travelling by a rail-road, can convey but a faint idea of the rate at which her eloquence ran on.

“ Why, you have seen nothing yet,” said Miss Stirling, the young lady of whom we speak. “ As to public amusements, to be sure it may be said, that they

can offer little that is new to one who lives so much in town as you do ; but I contend, that it is a delightful novelty to have those sort of things transplanted to such a dear, darling, paradise of a place as Leamington. I do love Leamington ! I always make papa come here every year. I only wish he would consent to live here entirely. In the very centre of the most beautiful country in the world, you have balls, morning concerts, evening concerts, the theatre, excellent libraries, musical soirées, raffles, and all sorts of things ; and promenades enlivened by bands of music, and illuminated gardens, and fireworks, and, in short, every thing ; and all free from the mobs of Vauxhall and Kensington. And as to private society—”
“ If it is not one’s own fault, one may

have the best in the kingdom," interrupted the colonel.

"Certainly," said Mr. Stirling, "I must allow, I never met with any but vulgar people who disliked Leamington. It is a place in which such cannot get into society, and therefore they go away abusing and calling it dull; but this very circumstance tends to keep the company select, and make Leamington the resort of a superior class of visitors. Neither show, nor equipage, nor *money* itself, will do, without eligible introduction."

"So much the better," said Mrs. Stirling; "for all who ought to have an introduction, may command it through one channel or other. I cannot endure places," she added, "where *money* is all in all, and quiet genteel people are literally

driven out of society, or at least out of all attempt to keep it up, by the extravagant entertainments of the *nouveau riche*." Mrs. Stirling was a lady much disposed to be economical. "Now here," she continued, "suppers are not given; and those who do not choose to give dinners are, notwithstanding, if they are genteel people, in the very same society with those who do."

"Well," said Mr. Stirling, who was rather asthmatic, "the good air is to me the greatest recommendation the place has. And being so central too, one is apt to see one's friends from all parts of the kingdom."

Colonel Trump, who, we need scarcely say, was no cameleon, observed, that he preferred a good dinner to good air any day;—"and that," he added, "is one of

the greatest blessings of being a bachelor in a place of this kind, that a fellow, 'faith, may dine at the rate of five thousand a year, all the year round, at the tables of his friends, without being expected to make any return, except, perhaps, a bachelor's ball or that sort of thing."

There was a ball on the tapis at the very time of which we speak; but the colonel had taken care to neglect applying, till the list of subscribers was filled up, and then to be loud in his complaints to the ladies, who knew no better, that it was a great shame to make it a hole-and-corner business, and not let every one who chose, and was eligible, subscribe. "Now, a man like myself, for instance," he continued, "who knows every one, and has so many friends to oblige, I should have liked to have taken ten or twelve

subscriptions myself, if I had only known of the thing in time."

Miss Stirling suggested, that Colonel Trump might set another ball on foot himself, and then he would be sure to be in time. To this, however, the colonel turned a deaf ear, and Miss Stirling renewed her arguments with Mrs. Bellevue, to prolong her stay. "No one, I am sure," she proceeded, "need spend a dull morning here, with so much as there is to be seen in the surrounding country. The neighbourhood is, in short, so thickly studded with objects of interest, whether for their antiquity, their magnificence, or for the associations, historical, poetical, or legendary, with which they are connected, that I call it quite a museum of grand curiosities: much better worth seeing, I am sure, than

the fusty collections of dried non-descripts so called. The walks, too, are so delightful : why, the very opening of each street presents a tempting peep, quite an invitation to explore ; and then in whatever direction you do wander, though without guide or plan, you cannot go wrong : after passing through charming scenery, you are sure to arrive at some agreeable destination. There is certainly something in beautiful scenery, which induces such a susceptibility to happiness, that it makes one view the whole perspective of the future on its most sunny side."

"It is so funny to hear Louisa talk about the beauties of the country," whispered her sister, aside to Mrs. Bellevue ; "she who used to be such an advocate for town ; but her present lover, the gen-

tleman she is going to be married to, happens to have a very fine estate in this neighbourhood; and that, you know, for the time at least, puts one in amazing good-humour with country scenery."

CHAPTER VIII.

AN evening or two after the conversation related in our last—who should draw up to the hotel, travelling-carriage, four smoking horses, imperials, lady's maids, &c. &c., but Lady Kilmany?—Elizabeth flew to welcome her friend.

“Here still, my dear Mrs. Bellevue?” exclaimed her ladyship: “nay, that is quite delightful; for now that you are here, you must positively stay as long as we do.”

“ If it rested with me, I should be most happy,” replied Elizabeth.

“ What, is the old gentleman restive, as usual ?”

“ Particularly so at present.”

“ Oh, well—we must manage him in some way. Mary must give him a smile, or I must make him up a rubber : but one thing is quite decided ; we must not lose you. We have had a sad fagging season in town, and I am terribly afraid of Mary’s bloom suffering ; so we have brought her here to refresh her roses a little. I don’t wish her to rouge before she is twenty. How do you think she looks ?” she added, throwing back Lady Mary’s travelling bonnet as she spoke.

The action called up a mantling blush ; for Mary was not old enough to have the attention of even one of her own sex called

to her personal appearance, without just a becoming degree of confusion—and nothing could look more lovely than she did at the moment, standing with the already mentioned bonnet slung at her back, by its long loop string, and her fair hair disordered by the unceremonious removal of its late covering, flowing on her shoulders. Indeed the group was altogether interesting, affording a striking specimen of the various stages and styles of female beauty. Mary—such as we have partly described her—so fair, so gentle, with liquid hazel eyes, that trembled when you looked at them, and a form which, though strictly speaking, rather above than below the middle size, did not, from its delicate symmetry, and the timidity of its carriage, convey, at a first glance, the idea of height. Next, the matured and lustrous beauty of

Mrs. Bellevue : the eye of sparkling jet, and the fully rounded development of every proportion of the figure, adding majesty to its actual elevation. And, lastly, Lady Kilmany herself, who, though past the age to lay claim to any of the varieties of personal attraction for which a lover would look, might have furnished the painter with a splendid study of aristocratic feature, and that air of nobleness, which characterises the *Court* old school ; added to which, there was still, in the striking outline, undeniable evidence that the picture had been, when first perfected by nature's pencil, absolutely beautiful. Time had, however, faded each roseate tint, and changed the lily to that lemon hue, on which fashion's unsightly mask of rouge looks most terrific. Yet was that mask worn by Lady Kilmany, though possess-

ing, as she undoubtedly did, a countenance on which the wretched daubing, like modern varnish on a fine specimen of the ancient school, seemed quite a sacrilege.

What a pity it is, that mothers and grandmothers, when they can no longer be youthful and beautiful, will refuse to be venerable and respectable!

Before our trio had seated themselves, another travelling-chariot drove up, containing one, never long absent, where Lady Kilmany and her daughter were present.

Lord Liddesdale sprung out of the vehicle ere the steps were above half down. In a few seconds he had ascended the stairs, and entered the room; and, after the interchange of gracious greetings, was just in time to assist Lady Mary in the removal of the still pendant bonnet, and

evidently to whisper some compliment, perhaps about the becoming disarrangement of the hair, or the additional bloom occasioned by exercise, to one or both of which causes he ascribed, in thought, much which had another source. For there is no beautifier like the approach of one towards whom we feel a real preference : it causes the eyes to sparkle, and the cheek to glow, in a manner that neither coquetry or cosmetic can imitate, and that would make even a plain woman look handsome, while a certain little fluttering about the heart generally keeps alive the otherwise evanescent charm, throughout the whole interview.

The remainder of the evening was devoted to planning excursions ; for Lady Kilmany's former visit to Leamington had been during the winter season, before Lon-

don fills : but, as she always intended returning on the *dissolution* of *Town*, she had not visited any of the Lions of the neighbourhood ; reserving that pleasure for a period of the year, when weather, and the summer garb of all things, would conduce to render it doubly delightful. Arrangements were now therefore made for day after day.

At length Elizabeth, after some inward hesitation, said, with apparent carelessness, “ By the bye, you have no idea how intimate we have become with Colonel Trump, to whom, if you remember, we all took such an unreasonable dislike, the first evening we met him. He is, really, the best-natured, most excellent creature in the world ; he has quite ingratiated himself with us, by his amiable attention to poor Mr. Bellevue. If he were his own son, he

could not be more considerate, or more thoughtful in every thing."

"I really took no particular dislike to the poor man," replied her ladyship; "it would have been paying him too great a compliment: I was only disgusted with his forwardness."

"He does not mean it for forwardness," argued Elizabeth.

"I don't know what he means it for, my dear; but you do not generally see people who have any footing in society, pushing their way in that manner. Some one however did say, I think, that he was a gentleman."

"Yes, Glandore knows the family very well, the *Trumps* of Cornwall. And on further acquaintance, I assure you, one finds that manner to be merely thoughtlessness: his good-nature makes him so

eager to oblige, that he loses sight of forms."

"If it is good-nature," persisted Lady Kilmany smiling, "it is not 'good-nature to advantage dressed.'"

"Your ladyship, I see," said Elizabeth, "is determined to be severe: yet what but the greatest good-nature could induce him to come in, evening after evening, and play dull backgammon with a poor invalid, previous to going to the gay balls and parties, to all of which I know he had invitations? It has quite won Mr. Bellevue's heart, I can tell you!"

"And Mrs. Bellevue's too, I should say," added her ladyship, again smiling.

"But joking apart," continued Elizabeth with a deep blush, "after all his attention to my father, I hardly know how to avoid asking him to join our morning ex-

cursions ; yet, it is a liberty I could not think of taking, without your ladyship's permission."

The permission was of course given, with a laughing reprimand, for not having asked it more directly ; and this delicate point, which had been on Elizabeth's mind during the whole of the planning that had preceded, thus satisfactorily arranged, the party separated for the night.

CHAPTER IX.

THE triumph of the colonel may be more easily imagined than described, when he found himself a permitted attendant on the party of Lady Kilmany; Warwick castle, their destination, and luncheon there, included in their plans: for her ladyship happened to be well acquainted with the Warwick family. As the gentlemen rode, the colonel became, occasionally, the companion of Lord Liddesdale; which fortunate circumstance ob-

tained for him the honour of a few casual remarks from his lordship. "Famous sporting country this," said Lord Liddesdale. The colonel assented. "Upton Wood, just behind here, is one of the best fox coverts I know any where."

The colonel humm'd and haw'd, not wishing, if possible, to confess that he had not yet hunted in the neighbourhood.

"Have you ever seen the hounds throw off at Stoneleigh Abbey?" This our military friend could answer in the affirmative, having once accompanied Elizabeth thither in Bellevue's carriage, the sight being a favourite one with the fair visitors of Leamington.

"The general effect of the scene," observed Lord Liddesdale, "is splendid in the extreme. The magnificence of the park, with its unfathomable woods; the

grounds, comprising about twenty-five thousand acres; the number of carriages, containing fair spectators; the multitude of well-mounted horsemen, with the lively appearance of their scarlet coats; then the fine abbey itself, on so grand a scale, with the doors thrown open, and a number of servants in waiting on the steps; all together awaken memory to poetical descriptions of ancient baronial hospitality, which, by bringing the feelings into tune with surrounding objects, add much, in idea at least, to the picturesque charm of the whole. And, in point of fact, when the pleasure we seek is to arise out of the class of vaguely agreeable sensations, it matters not whether those sensations are produced by real, or ideal causes."

This was too metaphysical for the colonel.

“He may well be hospitable,” he replied; “they say he has eighty thousand a year.”

Had, indeed, his lordship hinted, that those hospitable-looking servants were prepared to serve up hot beef-steaks gratis to any gentleman disposed to eat them; and even ventured so far as to talk of a vaguely agreeable sensation produced on the olfactory nerves of a hungry man by the savoury smell of such a preparation, our friend Trump would, we think, have not only perfectly understood his language, but even entered into his feelings. Leaving this point, however, undecided, we must be, for a moment, serious, and beg our readers may not fancy we mean to assert, that there is a beef-steak club held at Stoneleigh Abbey. Our beef-steak, like

Macbeth's dagger, is a false creation,—a *savoury* vision, sensible *neither* to feeling *nor* to sight—a mere *beef-steak* of the mind, imagined by ourselves, for the sole purpose of illustrating Colonel Trump's character. “How many horses do you think a man must keep, to hunt with any comfort?” asked his lordship. The colonel was puzzled; he kept no horses—the animal on which he was mounted, being the same which generally carried Elizabeth's groom. “I seldom keep above four hunters and a couple of roadsters,” continued his lordship; “I am not a very determined sportsman.”

“But I am,” replied the colonel, who had now obtained some data to go by; “I never have less than sixteen horses, one way or other, in my stable. My stud was greatly admired, I assure you—some

of the finest animals in England, and quite curiosities for colour and condition."

Thus proceeded the colonel, as was usual with him ; adding collaterals to the leading falsehood, or calling into birth, if we may so express ourselves, a large family of little lies, which he was obliged, like many other improvident fathers of a numerous offspring, to maintain afterwards, at an expense, if not of cash, of brains he could as ill afford.

It was well nigh proving so in the present instance ; for Lord Liddesdale, who had started the subject merely as a polite effort at conversation, began, at length, to feel his curiosity excited, and said he should be glad, some morning, to look at Colonel Trump's horses.

"Look at them,—yes, yes,—your lord-

ship does me great honour, I'm sure : yes, — oh, certainly, I should be most happy,—that is to say, but, you see,— I— I— I, you see, the moment the hunting season was over, turned all my horses out to grass for the summer."

Lord Liddesdale's station being, whenever he could manage it, beside Lady Kilmany's carriage-window, there was not time for much more of such edifying conversation, ere the party arrived in sight of the castle—a magnificent pile, standing at the elevation of forty feet above the level of the Avon, on a prodigious perpendicular rock, out of a part of which, a wondering imagination might fancy it to have been carved by some giant hand, as a grand and everlasting ornament to the surrounding country ; from so many parts

of which its peculiarly happy general outline is conspicuously visible, with an effect almost as magical as the omnipresence of Skiddaw, among the scenery in the neighbourhood of Keswick.

Here the colonel, as though no one had access to a guide-book but himself, descanted on the foundation of the castle by Ethelfleda, daughter of Alfred the Great, and recounted romances of the mighty Guy and the fair Felicia, which lasted till they reached the curious approach cut through the solid rock, and tapestried, on either side, by hanging ivy. This led them to the grand front, where the stupendous towers, the warlike ramparts, the open flights of stone steps, conducting to various turrets, the air of solemn magnificence of the inner court, all, in short, answered well the expectations raised by

the distant prospect. The state apartments are uniformly splendid, furnished in a magnificent style, and adorned by a fine collection of pictures by Vandyke, Reubens, Salvator Rosa, Gaspar Poussin, Guido, Murillo, Titian, Paul Veronese, Vanderveld, Teniers, De Witte, &c. The views from the windows are highly picturesque, and some of a peculiar character, looking from an immense perpendicular height on the river flowing immediately at the foot of the rock on which the castle stands, and overshadowed, and partially intercepted, by the fine old trees that fling their grotesque and gigantic limbs across from bank to bank; while, in some instances, their tops canopy the windows themselves, so that the water below, and the overhanging branches above, being the only objects that meet the eye, solemn

ideas, of an almost monastic seclusion, take an irresistible possession of the mind.

So accomplished a man as Colonel Trump could not be supposed to let slip such a favourable opportunity of showing off, as that afforded by viewing the pictures. He had got a jumble of painters' names by heart, which, had he not in most instances misapplied them, might have answered the purpose very well. As, however, the personages whom he generously endeavoured to enlighten, were either not sufficiently grateful, or too polite to return the compliment, he remained in that species of ignorance which some authors have denominated bliss, and which we therefore hope he found to be at least happiness. Indeed it is but fair to suppose so, from the high spirits he was in during luncheon, while filling the public situations of self-elected master of

the ceremonies, and carver general ; in both which departments he acquitted himself to his own admiration, and, if the vocabulary of those who call surprise admiration be correct, to that of his well-bred entertainers ; to whom a specimen of his species was certainly a novelty. Elizabeth felt herself, for the first time, almost passed over ; but she ought to have remembered that her adorer had a great deal to do : besides, she had in the morning laid her strict commands upon him, not to allow his manner to be in the slightest degree remarkable to her in presence of Lady Kilmany, from whom she wished, for the present, to keep their engagement a profound secret. She therefore persuaded herself, that he was only obeying her injunctions. And as to the unnecessary excess of his solicitude about the comfort of Lady Kil-

many in particular, it could only be a sort of blind which had suggested itself to his headlong disposition, as the best means he could devise, for laying asleep that lady's penetration. So at least Elizabeth endeavoured to think : yet, some how or other, the colonel's want of elegance struck her more forcibly than usual all this day. Even his military air seemed too like a swagger; and his voice, especially when paying flourishing compliments to Lady Kilmany, sounded too loud : so much so, that more than once she found herself blushing, and looking about to see what others thought of him. A few such lessons might have saved her from the snare laid for her. We do not however mean it to be inferred, that Trump had any idea of giving up his fair prize. "No, no," as he said himself a day or two after, in answer to a question

on the subject from his friend Glandore, “catch me at that! ‘A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush!’ But it’s as well to have a second string to one’s bow. Keep all your irons in the fire, I say—and the deuce is in it, if you don’t get one of them, at least, to heat well.”

Sentimentality, poetry, and fine feelings of all sorts being now-a-days considered almost as dull as unpretending virtue herself, we shall not venture to recount any of the intelligent remarks on the paintings, vases, marbles, old armour, views from the top of Guy’s Tower, or through vistas in the park and pleasure-grounds, which were from time to time conveyed in whispers by Lord Liddesdale to the ear of the less experienced Lady Mary, while he led her gently towards whatever was most worthy of her notice; and caused her thus to imbibe

his tastes in association with feelings which invested such objects for ever after with a charm, that might indeed seem their own, but which had a deeper and a tenderer source. It is the unconscious blending, by association, of love with poetry, of thought and scenery, which gives to inanimate nature a soul, and exalts admiration of its beauties into a sentiment.

When our party arrived in the greenhouse, where stands the far-famed, antique, Bacchanalian vase, formed entirely out of one block of white marble, and supposed to be the largest ever known, the colonel, still befriended by his secret source of accurate information, assured the ladies that the said vase measured twenty feet in circumference, and was capable of containing one hundred and sixty-three gallons. He was also obliging enough to translate or rather repeat the translation, he had got by

heart, of the purport of the Latin inscription ; by which such of his hearers, as were not already aware of the circumstances, were informed that this beautiful work of art had been found at the bottom of the lake, among the ruins of Hadrian's villa at Tivoli ; that it had been brought to England by Sir William Hamilton, ambassador at the court of Naples, and by him presented to the Earl of Warwick.

It remained however for the more refined Lord Liddesdale to offer remarks to his companion, on the classical purity of the designs of the ancients : how they generally made their adornments both in keeping, and apparently subservient to some useful purpose ; as in the instance of this vase, where the vine-branches, and grapes which are entwined around its brim, are so managed as to form also the graceful handles. Its drapery was a panther's

skin ; its emblematic ornaments, bacchanalian masks of satyrs, the vine-clad spear of Bacchus, and the crooked staff of the augurs ; while, around its base rises the beautiful foliage of the acanthus. On passing out by the porter's lodge to quit the castle, some relics of the great Guy were exhibited to our party. These again called into play the calculating powers of the colonel ; for here was to be seen the porridge-pot or punch-bowl, large enough to hold one hundred and two gallons, the helmet of seven pounds in weight, the sword of twenty, the breast-plate of fifty-two, and the shield of thirty-two.

To an observer of character, how striking would the contrast have been, during this day's excursion, between the vulgar, obtrusive, noisy, ignorant Colonel Trump, and the modest, unpretending, yet perfectly ac-

complished and perfectly elegant Lord Liddesdale. It is scarcely fair, however, to institute any sort of parallel between our poor friend the colonel, and one with whom few, if any, could have stood the ordeal of comparison. Lord Liddesdale's manners possessed that rare charm which is produced when perfect good-breeding is ingrafted on a naturally amiable and kindly disposition, and the constitutional felicity of an excellent temper; and when with this happy combination is associated the dignity of a superior understanding, and all the thousand varied powers of pleasing which universal cultivation bestows. To a sound and classical education, he had, from inclination and that facility which the natural bias gives, added every accomplishment.

He was an elegant and correct linguist;

a poet always in feeling, sometimes in fact ; a painter, and a musician. We believe the violin was his instrument ; if so, we must not say he played it like a gentleman, after the definition of that expression we once heard given by a musical professor, who, on being asked his opinion of the performance of some amateur, replied that he played like a gentleman. On being asked to explain, he repeated one or twice, “ Really, very like a gentleman ;” but on being further pressed to say what playing like a gentleman meant, he exclaimed at last pettishly, “ Well, well, out of time and out of tune !”

To return however to Lord Liddesdale, he had travelled much, and by so doing perfected his taste for the fine arts ; he had visited foreign courts, lived in that of his own country, and was in all things a fit companion for princes.

Our party spent the remainder of the day in visiting whatever was best worth seeing in the town of Warwick. Saint Mary's Church—the tower, the choir, the lady's chapel, so much and justly admired—its curious confessional—the remarkable whole-length effigy in brass gilt of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, in his armour. The figure is laid on a marble tomb in the centre of the chapel. It has erected over it a hearse of gilt brass—a crowd of images, some representing weepers, others angels standing round it; and the whole effect is generally esteemed not inferior to any thing of the kind in the kingdom, if we except the tomb of Henry the Eighth in Westminster Abbey. Leicester Hospital was next visited; in the hall of which James the First was entertained by Sir Fulke Greville: it is situated on a very high rock, and commands a splendid panorama

of the surrounding country. Nor was the priory forgotten, where Leicester was entertained on dishes of pure gold, and which was once visited by Elizabeth herself.

CHAPTER X.

THEIR next excursion was to Guy's Cliff; and Glandore having by this time arrived, the party was much enlivened by the addition of his attendance: for, not being absorbed by one object, like Lord Liddesdale, he could make himself useful to all; and being, with all his faults, a gentleman in manner, he could do so without being obtrusive like Colonel Trump.

He, however, on this occasion, took almost the sole charge of Lady Kilmany;

thus leaving the two pair of lovers to their own devices. The colonel, aside to Mrs. Bellevue, seeing he had ground to regain, exulted extravagantly, or pretended to do so, in the circumstance. He was now able, he said, to devote himself altogether, yet without the least particularity, to his own dearest Elizabeth. “How unlike is this,” he exclaimed, as they stood alone in the solitary hermit’s cell, hollowed in the native rock, and sheltered by thick trees—“how unlike that miserable day of heartless constraint which we spent at Warwick Castle! You must not again ask me, dearest Elizabeth, to act a part: the openness of my nature cannot brook artifice or concealment of any kind. What matter what Lady Kilmany thinks!” Mrs. Bellevue did not choose to condescend to seem jealous, nor indeed to own to herself that

she was so. She had not, however, quite got over her misgivings about Trump's want of elegance; in short, she was not yet herself, and he perceived it with infinite alarm. This will never do, he thought, to come plump down in this manner between two stools. Inspired, therefore, at once, both by his hopes and his fears, he made ten thousand protestations of tenderness and ardour.

Elizabeth, beginning to relent, but still not quite satisfied, expressed a pettish fear that love so violent could not last.

Trump was glad to give things this turn: he fell on his knees, seized both her hands, and vowed this was the most cruel argument of all—for how else was he to prove his truth? Never, never, would he suffer her to quit that spot till she had retracted so foul a suspicion. She begged he would

not behave like a madman, and assured him she had been only jesting.

“If you loved as I do, Elizabeth,” said he, rising and assuming an air of great dignity, “you could not make a jest of the subject.” He walked towards the mouth of the cave, and, covering his face with his hands, remained for some time silent. Dignity sat so oddly on our friend Trump, and was so unlike his usual demeanour, that Elizabeth, who still retained a little of her recovered penetration, did not know whether to laugh or be angry in her turn. The former impulse prevailed, and she did laugh, but rather contemptuously. The colonel now saw that some bold stroke was necessary. He turned round. “Farewell, Elizabeth,” he said; then pointing to the river which flowed at their feet, he continued thus, “that friendly

stream shall prove to me the waters of oblivion : on its pebbly bed shall I, within a few short moments, end my miserable existence ! Why should I live ? I see that the light nature of your attachment is such, that whenever circumstances should part us, for no matter how short a time, I should be forgotten ; I should soon, in all probability, see in the public prints your marriage with another ;—one, no doubt, more worthy of you than I am, though not more devotedly attached ! Farewell then ”—and he rushed to the very brink of the water. Elizabeth was silly enough to be a little alarmed : she sprang forward, seized his arm, and drew him back within the cave. We must confess that his resistance was not very powerful. “ Has then my life value in your eyes, Elizabeth ? ” he whispered, after a

tender silence of some moments. “You know it has,” she replied; “don’t be foolish!” — “Then I will live for you, Elizabeth, though without you I could not live!”

“Come, come! I cannot allow you to be so foolish!” she repeated.

“Then swear, swear by every thing sacred that you will be mine, or, at some future period these agonizing doubts will return, and drive me to some act of desperation. If, as you say, you cannot marry while old Bellevue lives,” (she had never absolutely said so; but it suited his purpose so to construe the amiable reluctance she always expressed to forsake the poor old gentleman,) “let our mutual vows,” he continued, “be as sacred in the eyes of heaven as if we were already married!” Here he uttered some outrageous oaths, and

dictated one to Elizabeth, which, to calm him, she consented to repeat. Upon this she again found it necessary to check his ardour, and that by the decided step of insisting on quitting the cave. He had, however, gained his point: long had he been watching for a favourable opportunity of binding her by some promise that she would hold sacred, while he, himself, whom nothing but the law could bind, might thus await in security the event of old Bellevue's death; for, sorry as he should be to lose so excellent a *spec*, he was determined, he told Glandore, not to be such a *spoony* as to marry her till she was perfectly sure of the *money*.

Meanwhile, Lady Mary and Lord Liddesdale had found a rural seat on the turn of the bank of the river, near the mill, entirely sheltered by the drooping branches

of surrounding trees, except at one opening to the water, which commands the most favourable view any where to be met with of the cliff. Here they sat, forgetful of the passing of time, though little was said ; for, in the first place, the rushing sound of the mill-wheel made it not very convenient to use any language but that of the eyes, and, in the second place, Lord Liddesdale had never yet spoken of love to Lady Mary. It was a subject which Lady Kilmany, much as she approved of his lordship's addresses, had for the present interdicted. She thought her daughter too young to marry, and she wished her to remain perfectly unshackled till nearer the time of ratifying any engagement it might hereafter be thought prudent to enter into. Love, therefore, was not to be mentioned ; and, when this is the case, lovers in a

tête-à-tête seldom find much to say. Yet is the conscious silence so produced, generally more flattering to both parties than, perhaps, any thing that could well be expressed in words. Lady Mary's heart beat each moment faster, and her blushes deepened painfully from some undefined and almost undefinable feeling, we know not which to call it, hope or apprehension, of what might be said by Lord Liddesdale whenever he should break the protracted silence; while he sat, deriving from the sight of an emotion the source of which could not be mistaken, a happiness too exquisite to last. Nor did it last long: they were aroused by the approach of Lady Kilmany and her escort, and quitted their delightful arbour with feelings of regret, which would have been still deeper could they have foreseen that the late

happy interview was the last of the kind they were destined to enjoy.

After standing for a time on the high wooden bridge near the mill, whence the view is peculiarly fine, all the various beauties of the place were successively visited—Guy's cave, well, and traditionary grave; the very curious and picturesque chapel, with the apartments under it, anciently the habitation of the Chantry Priests; the noble mansion itself, so peculiarly romantic in situation, lodged in the cliff, and embosomed in fine old trees; its splendid apartments, and collection of pictures by many of the first masters—to which is added a most interesting series of paintings by a member of the family, whose early death has added feelings of sacred solemnity to the admiration with which we view such efforts of natural genius as

the Cave of Despair, and Lear and Cordelia. In the last-named picture, the dawning of hope, pausing as it were on the features of the poor old man, the wish to believe, the paralyzing of doubt, is admirably portrayed; while the very falling of the fingers of the hand harmonizes perfectly with the expression of the countenance.

CHAPTER XI.

THE next day was devoted to Kenilworth. —Trump and Glandore rode, while Lord Liddesdale was favoured with a seat in Lady Kilmany's carriage, which contained also the three ladies. Just as he had taken his place, his groom handed him a letter. As they drove off, he opened it carelessly, and began to read. But his countenance soon became disturbed ; he evidently perused the communication more than once,

and seemed as much confounded as agitated by its contents. Yet, after referring apparently a third or fourth time to some parts, he re-folded it, and placed it in his pocket without a comment. His manner, however, during the whole ride, was strange and abstracted : nothing he said was the least like himself; nor had the charms of the scenery, though every where exquisite, power to arouse him. Almost the only object he pointed out, was Blacklow Hill, memorable as the spot on which Piers Gaveston was beheaded, while he followed up his remark by a philosophical observation on the miseries entailed on individuals by times of public commotion.

After Gascoigne's Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth Castle, Reed's literatim reprint of the letter of an officer in Elizabeth's court, and Sir Walter Scott's romance, any

historical account or even description of Kenilworth Castle, or of Leicester's far-famed festival held there, must be quite unnecessary.

Our party having determined to take Scott's advice, and visit the Castle by moonlight, dined in Kenilworth, and, after sunset, proceeded towards the vast and magnificent range of ruins, which once contained within the circuit of their walls seven acres. As far as Lord Liddesdale and Lady Mary were concerned, the experiment had the fullest success. Nothing could be more solemn than the feelings of both as they slowly crossed the spacious inner court, and entered among the immeasurable profusion of mouldering walls, dismantled turrets, shattered staircases, and broken battlements. Every tower, turret, and buttress casting its gigantic mass of

shadow; and every archway, doorway, and long narrow stone-framed window, admitting a contrasting stream of the white moonlight. Above their heads projected lantern towers, hanging high in air, and looking as though they derived their sole support from being slung in wreaths of ivy: beneath their feet yawned dungeons, that the light of day had never visited, till time's destroying hand had laid their horrors bare; and around them, every where, the remnants of cells appeared, built within the thickness of the walls themselves: while from every crevice of the crumbling ruins issued shrubs, and sometimes even small trees, growing without any apparent means of nutriment, with the most surprising luxuriance.

As our lovers wandered on, generally at some little distance from the rest of the

party, the anxious abstraction which had pervaded Lord Liddesdale's deportment throughout the day, deepened into an unconquerable sadness. He scarcely spoke : yet was there something more than usually tender in the solicitude with which he assisted his companion through the many difficulties of their rugged path ; while Lady Mary, from the infectious melancholy of his manner, and the gloomy grandeur of the surrounding objects, felt her spirits so much oppressed, that silent tears stole down her cheeks, without her knowing wherefore.

When they reached the centre of the now ruined and roofless banqueting-room, where Elizabeth and Leicester had feasted, Lord Liddesdale remarked that the busy and splendid scene, which, standing where they now did, memory and fancy com-

binning, unavoidably preserved to the mind's eye, was almost appalling from its too overwhelming contrast with the actual state of all around.

“How beautiful,” he continued, after a short pause, “are those lines of Shakespeare's Bolingbroke!” He then repeated, with a depth of feeling far beyond what the occasion seemed to call for, the following passage :

———“ You have fed upon my seigniories,
Dispark'd my parks, and fell'd my finest woods ;
From my own windows torn my household coat,
Razed out my impress, leaving me no sign,
Save men's opinions and my living blood,
To show the world I am a gentleman :
This, and much more, much more than twice all this
Condemns you.”

With scarcely a pause, he went on to say, in a hurried and agitated manner, that

he feared he should be under the necessity of quitting the friends in whose society he found so much happiness, and going immediately to town, on business of a most painful nature : he would explain every thing, he added, to Lady Kilmany before his departure.

The great banqueting-room becoming a kind of rendezvous, they were now joined by the rest of the party. The colonel was very busy giving his companions details of the pounds, shillings, and pence part of the subject ; informing them, that Leicester's festival for the queen had cost one thousand pounds a day ; that the consumption of each four-and-twenty hours was sixteen hogsheads of wine, forty of beer, and ten oxen. " And no wonder," he added, " when the clock was made to stand still,

always pointing to the hour of banquet. The fellows, you see, were always at it, I suppose ; and considering that they had twenty miles round of park and chase to hunt in, with red deer, and fallow deer, and all sorts of game, and plenty of fish in their own lake, they must have had famous feasting. 'Faith, it makes a fellow's teeth water, to think of all the good dinners that have been eaten on this very spot, just—let me see—two hundred and fifty years ago !”

“ It was the officers of Cromwell, was it not,” asked Lady Kilmany, “ who reduced the Castle to ruins, cut down the trees, drained the lake, and tore the very gardens to pieces ?”

Lord Liddesdale answered in the affirmative, adding, “ that all those who in the

maintenance of some petty struggle for their own private ends, would risk the public peace, ought to visit this mighty monument of wanton destruction, and draw from it an awful and salutary lesson.

CHAPTER XII.

WITH the exception of an occasional remark from the equestrians, the moonlight drive home was performed almost in silence, the unusual melancholy of Lord Liddesdale appearing to have palsied the conversational powers of his companions. During the evening the painful constraint of his manner rather increased than diminished ; and when the party was breaking up for the night, he requested, aside,

a private interview with Lady Kilmany. It was granted, and lasted for a considerable time. At an early hour in the morning his Lordship had set out for Town.

When Lady Kilmany met her daughter at breakfast, she remarked, with an effort at ease of manner, that their young friend had been obliged to leave them on some very unpleasant business. She observed the roses fly from Mary's cheek, but took no notice of the circumstance. The momentarily banished colour soon returned with rather an increase, while Mary, partly to hide her confusion, and partly because she was not accustomed to withhold any thought from her mother, said, hesitating and making many unnecessary arrangements among the cups and spoons

on the table, "I wonder he did not stay till—till after breakfast."

"Why so, my dear?"

"Oh—just to—to—say good-bye to us all."

Her agitation had increased, and her blushes deepened, during this effort to speak. She saw that Lady Kilmany was anxiously watching her countenance: she could maintain the struggle no longer, but, bursting into tears, flung herself into her mother's arms.

She little thought that it was by her mother's commands that Liddesdale had departed without saying good-bye; that by the same command she was not to see him again till the business which had called him away was concluded; and still less, that she was never to see him again,

should that business conclude unfavourably.

Lady Kilmany soothed her daughter in the kindest and most indulgent manner, fondling her like an infant; then telling her, when her caresses had made her smile through her tears, that she was growing too old now to cry in that way, like a child, because a friend that they all liked, very much certainly, was obliged to go away.

“It was not that,” whispered Mary; “but you know, you said it was something very unpleasant—and—he seemed so thoroughly unhappy yesterday—that—altogether—”

“Why it certainly is,” interrupted Lady Kilmany, “a very unpleasant business, every way unpleasant! and should it go

against him, poor young man, I really don't know what is to become of him. We must hope the best, however. Yet, where he is to find proofs at this distant period, I cannot imagine! I should fear it must be impossible. Were it only property that was attacked, that would be bad enough; but really, this is too bad!"

"Oh, what can you mean, mamma!" exclaimed Mary, with an energy which startled her mother: for Lady Kilmany's prolonged reply had run out into a sort of soliloquy, during which she seemed to have lost sight of the agonies of suspense she was causing her daughter to suffer.

"I shall explain it all to you, my dear, when we have a little more leisure. Indeed

it cannot be a secret from any one ; for all the transactions will of course appear, from time to time, in the papers."

"Do just say what it is all about, mamma!" said Mary, entreatingly, and deriving courage to ask the question, from the excess of her undefined fears.

"About, my dear?—oh, it is about villany and falsehood. I am quite convinced myself: but of what use is that?—my conviction won't save the poor young man from disgrace and ruin! For the misery of it is, that there will be no getting at the proofs in his favour—at least, so I fear! It is a long intricate business, that it would be vain to attempt explaining just now. — You have had no breakfast yet, neither have I; and the carriage will be round in ten minutes

to take us to Stratford. So come, eat your breakfast, my own love—then bathe those darling eyes, and put your bonnet on."

CHAPTER XIII.

“So—madam, I perceive you are prepared to gallivant, as usual!” said old Bellevue to Elizabeth, as she entered his apartment, equipped for the Stratford excursion. “Oh, it’s all mighty well,” he continued, “let every body please himself, I say;” and here he chuckled and laughed very significantly.

“Why, you know, sir,” replied Elizabeth, “that many people really come from all distances on purpose to visit the remark-

able places in this neighbourhood—so that it would be very strange indeed, to be on the spot, and not see them !”

“ And to have a gallant colonel for a lover,” retorted Bellevue, “ and not to give him every encouragement in one’s power—would be quite contrary to nature. I am becoming a great advocate for following the natural propensities : I don’t know but I may do so myself, one of these days. There is nothing like a good example : it’s quite inspiring, ’faith. I am getting a great deal better, I can tell you.”

“ I am very glad to hear you say so, sir ; and I do think you are deriving visible benefit from the baths.”

“ Oh, of course,” (with a sneer,) “ such fine white marble baths cannot fail of being useful.”

“I should think,” said Elizabeth, “that the medical quality of the waters was of much more importance than the baths being of marble.”

“All helps, all helps,” said Bellevue; “and good attendance too—there is nothing like being well attended.”

“I hope you find Sarah very attentive, sir? I have given her every direction, over and over again, and many charges, I assure you.”

“I beg you won’t think of troubling yourself, madam; there is not the slightest occasion: I know how to make people attentive to me,—and how to treat them too, when they fail to be so, mark that! Don’t mistake me,” he added, “I desire no attention that I don’t receive. Let every one please himself, I say; nothing like it. For my part, I am quite delighted at the turn

things have taken ; I might else have been such a confounded blockhead as to—— But no matter, let every one please himself as long as he lives, and let those that come after take their chance. The young will do so, and why should not the old, I'd be glad to know ? they have most need, I think, to make the most of the little time that's left them !”

He had been speaking all this while with his back to Elizabeth : he now looked over his shoulder suddenly, and added, “ I say, I hope your colonel has a large fortune ?”

“ I don't know indeed, sir : I never inquired.”

“ No ?—that was rather imprudent, considering how small your own is. You had better tell him not to reckon too securely upon mine. A hearty young fellow like

me, you know, may marry any day, and have a family of his own ;” here he laughed again, and seemed amazingly well pleased with his own wit.

We must confess, however, that Elizabeth had latterly left him rather too often in the care of the housekeeper ; not oftener perhaps than a good-natured invalid would have wished her to do — but Bellevue was not good-natured, and this Elizabeth knew. Besides, she had been in the habit of staying at home with him almost entirely : it was only her unfortunate infatuation in favour of the colonel, which had led her, of late, to do otherwise ; particularly since Bellevue had begun to treat her lover sulkily. In addition to the numerous excursions in the neighbourhood, there were many amusements, both morning and evening, which she was induced

to join, and principally by the circumstance of the colonel being always in attendance: raffles and musical promenades at the libraries—bazaars and repository sales—evening walks in the Pump-Room Gardens—illuminations and fireworks at the Ranelagh Gardens. Then one evening she was tempted to go to the theatre, and another to a concert: then there were the races, and a very well-attended race-ball that there was no resisting; and several charity balls to which every one made a point of going; and Lady Kilmany's little *coteries* of ten or twelve very select friends: so that really the old man, to do him justice, found himself a good deal left alone.

It was, as we have said, Elizabeth's infatuation which made her thus neglectful of a duty, she had so long performed with the most noble self-denial. Love is said

to be blind, Intoxication to see double ; but Infatuation is worse than either—for it is not only blind to what is, but it sees what is not in an hundred forms of falseness ; till the understanding is cheated, by false premises, into forming for itself, and consequently hugging as its own opinions, the most egregiously false conclusions. The process goes on, and our rational madman, acting up to his opinions, brings down destruction in proportion to his influence on a family, a nation, or a world.

Infatuation is, in short, a most dangerous and pitiable state of mental derangement ; yet is it, in general, neither provided against, nor compassionated.

Now we, being kind-hearted and considerate by nature, beg leave to recommend to the consideration of the British public, that the very next fashionable charitable

institution to be got up, shall be an asylum for the Infatuated ; where eminent professors of Patience shall be employed to treat the afflicted with the greatest mildness, gradually to root out their prejudices, and finally to restore them to their friends in a convalescent state of understanding.

CHAPTER XIV.

ELIZABETH, as soon as she could escape from the disagreeable dialogue recorded in our last chapter, joined Lady Kilmany; and the colonel and Glandore being already in attendance, the party set out for Stratford-upon-Avon. They chose the road through the village of Charlecote, for the purpose of seeing the mansion of the Lucy family, rendered a spot of much interest, by the well-known connexion of Sir Thomas Lucy's history with that of our

immortal bard, — to visit whose birth-place was, of course, the object of the expedition. As you approach the village, the majestic groves of Charlecote, and the house itself, rise very beautifully into view ; also some fine avenues of ancient trees, still the ornaments of that very park where ranged those herds of deer, among which Shakspeare is accused of having been a nocturnal sportsman. The present possessor is said to take a very laudable pleasure in preserving every thing exactly in the same state as in the days of the great poet.

Stratford is so ancient that the exact date of its foundation is not ascertained. It is, however, known that such a town did exist about three hundred years before the Norman conquest.

As a matter of course, the first place

visited by our party was the humble dwelling in which the poet was born. The ceiling, walls, &c. of the room itself are almost covered by the names of visitors, among which appear the autographs of their Majesties, late and present—of Scott, Moore, Kemble, Kean, of Lucien Buonaparte, the Russian and Austrian princes, &c. &c. Some idea of the numbers who frequent this classic ground may be gathered from a book kept at the tomb, from which it appears that the yearly visitors average about a thousand.

Many original verses also, chiefly anonymous, adorn the walls of Shakspeare's apartment; the two following lines are among the best:—

“ Let princes o'er their subject kingdoms rule,
’Tis Shakspeare’s province to command the soul.”

One of the nameless rhymesters, taking upon himself the office of critic to the rest, writes as follows : the lines certainly have some spirit—

“ Ah, Shakspeare ! when we read the votive scrawls
With which well-meaning folks deface these walls,
And while we seek, in vain, some lucky hit
Amidst the lines whose nonsense smothers,
We find, unlike thy Falstaff in his wit,
Thou art not here the cause of it in others.”

The colonel discovered the following four lines by Mr. Crawford, on visiting Shakspeare's birth-place with a lady ; and, quietly copying them on a leaf of his pocket-book, after quitting the room, presented them to Elizabeth as a complimentary effusion of his own, inspired, of course, by her charms :—

“ Immortal spirit ! in thy native place
A Desdemona's mind and Juliet's grace

Bend at thy shrine ! revere the homage due
From sweeter virtues than thy fancy drew."

They next visited the venerable church, in the chancel of which Shakspeare is buried, for the purpose of viewing his tomb. The figure of the poet is represented in a sitting posture, a cushion before him, in his right-hand a pen, his left resting on a scroll. The countenance bears a resemblance to the first print of Shakspeare, to the correctness of which Ben Jonson has borne testimony. Below the monument, a plain flat stone marks the spot where lie the ashes of the bard.

They next repaired to the Town-Hall, an ancient structure in the Tuscan order, to view the statue placed there by Garrick. The figure is leaning on a pillar, and pointing to a scroll, on which are inscribed

these well-chosen lines from the Midsummer Night's Dream :

“ The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heav'n ;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape ; and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.”

And on the pedestal on which the statue stands, is the following most appropriate quotation from Hamlet :—

“ ———— take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again.”

In the great room there is a portrait of the bard, presented by Garrick, and also one of Garrick himself.

Our party next visited, with considerable interest and powerful feelings of in-

dignation, the garden of New Place, the site of the house of Shakspeare's prosperous years. It is but fair to suppose the residence must have been a splendid one; as Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles the First, kept her court there for three weeks during the civil war. The feelings of indignation, of which we speak, were excited by the Vicar of Frodsham's wanton and unaccountable destruction of the poet's house. The same individual, to the rage and horror of the inhabitants of Stratford, cut down the far-famed mulberry tree, planted by the hand of the bard himself.

It is a curious circumstance, that Shakspeare, like Petrarch, died on the last anniversary of his birth-day. It is also remarkable that the author of Don Quixote was breathing his last in Spain, about the

same moment that Shakspeare was expiring in England.

Lady Mary had all this while hung spiritless on her mother's arm. What but two days since would have delighted so much, now had no power to arouse her attention; she could do nothing but repeat over to herself Lady Kilmany's inexplicable expressions respecting the cause of Lord Liddesdale's departure, and long for, while she dreaded, the promised explanation. Yet, when alone with her mother in the evening, she had not courage to introduce the subject. Lady Kilmany, however, did so herself, by saying that she hoped Lord Liddesdale would write soon. "He promised to do so," she added, "as soon as he had had time to make some inquiry into this most unpleasant business."

“You said you would tell me what it was about,” ventured Mary.

“Why really I scarcely know myself, my dear,” replied her mother; “it is a most intricate business, and certainly a most unpleasant one.”

Mary looked as though she expected further information, and Lady Kilmany proceeded :—“As I said before, if it were but property that was attacked, that would be bad enough ; but to be threatened with degradation from his hereditary rank, and the utter disgrace of—”

“Then, mamma, it cannot be true, whatever it is ! He never could have done any thing to deserve disgrace.”

“He never has, my dear—nor has he been accused ; but illegitimacy is a blot which cannot be got over, notwithstanding the necessary innocence of the

sufferer. In his case, indeed, it is a generation or two back : yet the loss of title, that any broken link in the descent must occasion, marks a man, who has ever had rank, with a stain which that very circumstance keeps always fresh. A cousin, it seems, the eldest son of a younger brother of his father's, has laid claim to the titles and estates, on the pretext that his father was born previous to the marriage of his, that is, of our friend's father's father and mother—no, what am I saying? I am all wrong, I believe : I told you it was a most intricate business.—Let me see—No, I am quite right, it was this man's father's father. Now the late Lord Liddesdale lived to be a very old man, which throws his birth back as far as 1745. The Liddesdale estates are, you know, situated on the borders : when, therefore, the Pre-

tender's army was marching south, Lord somebody—I forget his title—removed the parish register, in which he, it seems, was some way interested, to a place of safety, to preserve it from the destructive career of the Highlandmen. During this temporary removal of the register, the late Lord Liddesdale was born, and his birth, consequently, not registered. About 1748, when the troubles were over, the register was put again in its place; immediately after which, the second son was born, and his birth registered. Upon this circumstance it is, that the son of this second son attempts to found his claim, pretending that the reason why the birth of the first son was not registered was, that he was born before the marriage—while the date of the marriage itself is of no use towards disproving this, there being no

document whatever to show the date of the birth. Every one knows that it is a got-up and most nefarious business ; yet, how it will end there is no saying, from the great difficulty, if not entire impossibility, of obtaining parole evidence after the lapse of eighty-five or eighty-six years.

“ But did not every one know Lord Liddesdale’s father to be his father’s eldest son ?” asked Mary.

“ Yes, my dear ; but there is a vast difference between the way in which every body knows things that have never been disputed, and legal proof.”

Mary was too unhappy, and too much afraid to own what she felt, to say much ; the conversation, therefore, soon drew to a close.

About the same time, old Bellevue, in the apartments allotted to him, was vent-

ing his ill-humour by sneering and jeering at poor Elizabeth, who, in the hope of pleasing him, had devoted the evening to a *tête-à-tête*, by no means agreeable in prospect, and which proved even worse in reality. It was in vain she assured him that she was not going out: from time to time he pretended to remind her that she would be too late for her party; then he would condole with her upon not being invited by any of her friends.

“To people not accustomed to it, an evening at home must be very dull, I should suppose,” he would add. Next, with an affected start of recollection, he would ask her what was become of her colonel—had he too given her up? “If he hasn’t,” continued the old gentleman, “he will, as soon as he knows you

are not to have my *money*. Remember what I say : he'll carve his fortunes with as keen an eye to the main chance as he does his dinner, or I'm very much mistaken. He's plausible at first, I'll allow you : yes, yes, he's plausible ; I don't know that I should have found him out myself, if he had never dined with me. Savage animals show their nature best at feeding hour, they say. Is it not the case ?”

“ I don't know indeed, sir.”

“ You don't know indeed, sir : why, did you never pay sixpence extra to see the lions and tigers dine ?”

“ I don't particularly recollect to have done so.”

“ You don't, don't you ? Vastly dignified indeed. But you have no need to

fight his battle for him : that man, before he has done with you, will make you rue the day you ever became acquainted with him. Mark my words ! and now you may go dream of your lover, for I am going to bed."

CHAPTER XV.

THE colonel, meanwhile, not having been invited that evening by either of the ladies, was consoling himself in the apartment of Glandore, discussing the merits of the widows over sundry tumblers of brandy and water, which, by the bye, were never paid for.

“You seem to have got on famously with the fair Bellevue,” said Glandore.

“Yes—I have only to hold up my finger in that quarter, I can tell you.”

“Then why the deuce don’t you hold it up, man?”

“Do you take me for a fool? to put the noose round my neck before the old fellow slips his wind! He’s a surly dog, that I can tell you, and confounded likely to play her a slippery trick yet, if it were only for spite. Besides, the old rascal, though with one leg in the grave, has a leer in his eye, while that well-fed housekeeper of his sits rubbing the other, that I don’t half like. I should not be surprised if he were to marry that woman yet.”

“You don’t say so, do you?”

“But I do, ’faith.”

“Mrs. Bellevue, however, is too good a prize to be resigned on mere suspicion,” said Glandore.

“Resigned! no, no. Catch me at that!

I have her safe, however ; so she'll keep ; and in the mean while, I should like just to try what Lady Kilmany is made of."

"I tell you that won't do ; it's too high a flight for you, man. With the exception of those irresistible whiskers, my pretensions, I should think, rank quite as high as yours, and I would not attempt such a thing."

"I would attempt any thing, 'faith, for ten thousand a-year. It's money, I can tell you."

"Well, I do confess, ten thousand a-year is money ; and you certainly have impudence enough for any thing : but still, I do not think you have tact enough for Lady Kilmany. Though vain, she is proud in the extreme ; and besides, she has been always accustomed to the society of men of the most finished address possible. Your

buttering up, as you elegantly express it, will not do with her."

"I don't know that; she has not looked half so black at me, since I told her that she was strikingly like a fine painting I had seen somewhere of Mary queen of Scots."

"No!—did she swallow that? I always knew she had an amazing appetite for flattery; but I imagined she would have required it dressed *à la Française*, with *sauce piquante*."

"She swallowed more than that, I can tell you. Some one was saying how beautiful Lady Mary was. 'She will never be half so handsome as her mother,' said I, pretending not to see that she was within hearing. However, she accepted my arm down to her carriage soon after, in a monstrous civil way for her. I maintain it, if

you can get the ear of a vain woman, you have her, though she be proud as Lucifer."

"Granted, unless indeed her pride keeps you at too great a distance to reach her ear."

"A woman must be a long distance off, before she is out of hearing of a compliment," retorted Colonel Trump, accompanying his speech with that peculiar wink of one eye, and corresponding jerk of the contrary corner of the mouth, to which his countenance was indebted for the intelligence of its expression. "Besides, I have a notion," he added, "that this same pride of hers, by keeping most people off, makes a little blarney from a fellow that has the courage to come near, a bit of variety to her ladyship. However, I can do nothing even in the way of commencement while the two widows are together.

Sing ‘How happy could I be with either.’ Heigh-ho! for ten thousand a year, or even six: for I must look sharp, and not lose both.”

“Why, no doubt,” replied Glandore, “money is good, but more money is better, and much money is best! You think, however, you are quite sure of Mrs. Bellevue?”

Here the colonel, in support of his assertion, recounted the scene in Guy’s Cell; with, however, many false boasts and exaggerations of impertinent presuming on his own part, and tender yielding on that of Elizabeth; at which the precious pair had much loud laughter, over a fresh tumbler each, filled for the purpose.

After the potations had been followed up rather closely for some time, Glandore began to grow communicative: “It is

strange enough," he said, "that I, who have seen so much more of good society than you have as yet fallen in with, should have so much less courage with women who are either my superiors or even my equals. I can carry on amours with opera-dancers, and sentimental flirtations with rich tradesmen's daughters, who, fancying I am going to make ladies of them, prevail on their Pa's to give me the temporary accommodation of a little cash, during the accidental delay of my expected remittances."

"Which never come!" interrupted Trump.

"Oh well, don't mention that. The last affair answered admirably—in point of money, I mean."

"And what more would you have?"

"Why, I don't exactly know how it may end, but you shall hear:—The father,

you see, had scraped together, before his death, about two thousand pounds, and the girl, being an only child, (a fine handsome girl too,) was to have it all; for there was some interest in the lease of a shop, or something else, which the mother was to have. I proposed marriage, and, all being arranged, took them to see a house which I said I was about to purchase. I then persuaded them to sell out of the funds for the purpose of letting me have the two thousand towards my purchase. The mother, however, would not pay down the money till the wedding-day. The next step, therefore, was necessarily a sham marriage. After the ceremony, I requested my mother-in-law to take charge of my heavy trunks, (they were heavy enough, for they were filled with stones). I also begged her to lock up for me a carefully

sealed parcel of brown paper, purporting to be the title-deeds of my new purchase. They were of too much consequence, I said, to be carried about. Having thus given my vouchers, I was entrusted with the money, and set off with it and my blooming bride for Richmond ; where, after a few days, I quitted her privately at a very early hour one morning, leaving a note behind me on the dressing-table ; advising her to go back to town to her mother, and trumping up a story about a rich old uncle of whom I had often talked to her before. I said of course that he would not hear of my marrying her ; so that all must be kept snug for the present, and that, as the old gentleman wished me to go to Paris with him to be out of harm's way, I had nothing for it but to comply ; for, as she knew very well, I should be a ruined man if I did not

keep in my uncle's good graces. It had the desired effect ; for mother and daughter are gone off to Paris to look for me, which gives a fellow a little breathing-time, you see."

" Ay, 'faith," said the colonel, " but what are you to do when they come back ?"

" Can't say—must be guided by circumstances. They are not come back yet, however."

" And you have got the money ?"

" What I have not spent of it, I have still in my possession. And I am certainly not extravagant, for I never pay any one I can help."

After a little more such edifying conversation, our amiable couple parted for the night.

Lady Kilmany and her daughter quitted Leamington the next morning ; and the day

but one following was fixed on by old Bellevue for his return to town. The colonel told Elizabeth the evening before, that he could not live without her—that he dreaded the very idea of her being for a moment out of his sight: he too would go to town; he would be there as soon as herself.

In the morning he attended to see her off. He ran up and down, in and out, superintended the placing of luggage, changed again and again the position of every small package within the carriage; and finally, lifting in the dog, and handing in the lady, he glanced an eye upwards at the barouche-seat, and observing, carelessly, that there was plenty of room for himself, sprang into it. Elizabeth was struck dumb. Bellevue, bending forward, attempted a sort of remonstrance. The

colonel became at once deaf and eloquent : he pointed out the wonderful growth of the town, the new and elegant buildings springing up every where ; then the beauties of Newbold, the river, the magnificent trees on its banks, &c. ; while his intelligent remarks were interspersed from time to time by anxious inquiries whether Elizabeth was quite comfortable ;—was she sure she was sufficiently wrapped up ?—were her feet quite warm ?—would not this glass be better up ?—would not that glass be better down ?

Thus did the gallant Colonel Trump get conveyed to town free of cost. He moreover never recollected to call for a separate bill at any of the inns ; so that all was charged to Bellevue. Elizabeth, however, who had the management of every thing, took care not to mention the circumstance, lest the old man should storm.

She thought a lover excusable, in forgetting, during the height of an anxious passion, the trifling details of ordinary life.

There are, it must be confessed, inconsistencies in passion; and among these may be recorded the fact, that the enamoured Trump *did not* forget, that morning, to send off, by an early coach, his *sac de nuit* and trunk, containing, with other portions of his wardrobe, his colonel's uniform, carefully folded, with silver paper over the gold lace and buttons.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE day following the arrival of our party in town, an express came from Bath to Elizabeth to summon her to the death-bed of her father.

The colonel raved like a madman at the idea of suffering her to undertake the journey alone. He must—he would—accompany his dearest Elizabeth, his best, his only earthly treasure! His destined treasure, he might have said—for he did intend that

she should be, if not his treasure, at least his treasury.

A sense of propriety compelled her to reject, in the most positive manner, all his offers to be her travelling companion. But she felt not the less grateful for the warm interest he thus displayed in all that concerned her : she thought him her truest, her kindest friend. Their parting was characterised by that sincere tenderness, on her side, which such a belief was calculated to inspire ; and while such was her belief, the enthusiasm of her own disposition lent its warm colouring to her feelings, which, like the rays of a rising or setting sun, gilding objects in themselves lustreless, clothed the worthless being, on whom they had unhappily fallen, with a brightness all their own.

Not the less did they cheer her dreary

way, cheating her fancy with hopes, alas, how futile ! Let us not, however, do Elizabeth injustice. It may be said the present was a time when fear, not hope, should have occupied her thoughts. But it should be remembered that her father had never been a kind one, and that she had been very little in his society, having married almost immediately on her return from school : while the hope of which we speak was not an unfeeling anticipation of gay delight, but a sobered, almost melancholy, yet soothing prospect of finding consolation for the present and the past sorrows of her life in the devoted tenderness of one truly worthy in heart, though (and she reproached herself for the thought) not exactly, in every particular, suited to her taste.

Protecting, watchful affection offered a

harbour of rest to feelings long tempest-tossed. Was she to put to sea again, because the scenery on shore, the breathing of comfort, and speaking of peace was neither sublime nor beautiful?

Engaged in such reflections, she reached Bath. River Street, in which her father's house was situated, is at all times quiet—it now seemed quite deserted and peculiarly dreary; for the evening was rainy, which made it appear almost dark, though it was not yet late enough for the lamps to be lighted.

The servant who opened the door, answered Elizabeth's inquiries for her father, by “Very ill, I believe, ma'am.”—“You believe!” she repeated, and hurrying into the house, she begged to be shown the room. There was something of hesitation in the man's manner; he walked slowly up before

her ; and, on arriving in a long gallery, pointed to an open door at the further extremity, and said that was the apartment. He did not go towards it, but, as Elizabeth did so, descended the stairs with much more alacrity than he had displayed in ascending them. She entered the sick chamber with a cautious and trembling step. It was large and cold ; the windows were all open ; there was no fire ; and a fat old woman, wrapped in a blanket, sat nodding in a large chair. Elizabeth gazed anxiously at the bed on which her father was extended : it had a comfortless appearance, the hangings having been removed. Mansfield was lying quite still, his eyes more than half closed. For a moment she apprehended that all was over ; but the evident heaving movement

of the bed-clothes on his chest soon reassured her. It was strange that, with the ghastly expression of death on the features, she was forcibly struck with a resemblance to herself that she had never noticed before. A gush of tenderness, and a thrill of agony, at the same instant, possessed themselves of her whole being. She kissed his forehead, then his hand, which lay outside the coverlet. He withdrew it, but without at all appearing to recognize her. She sunk on her knees at the bedside, and, covering her face with her hands, shed many tears. As soon as she was a little recovered, she arose, and seeing that her father remained quite still, seemingly in a state of mingled torpor and sleep, she went towards the nurse, and touched her shoulder. The woman gave a

sort of a sitting jump, and looked up with an expression of surprise, almost amounting to fear.

“You are the nurse, I suppose,” said Elizabeth in a cautious whisper; “do tell me every particular about my poor father, and where is Mrs. Mansfield?” (meaning her stepmother) “and what doctor is attending? and—” “You’ll be Mrs. Bellevue, ma’am, from London?” interrupted the woman, curtseying, for by this time she was quite awake, and had arisen from her seat; “and you were not afraid then to come into the room, ma’am? Oh sure, then, Mrs. Mansfield has not been this side the house at all at all, since Dr. Horace said it was typhus; and as for the sarvants, they all says as their lives is as much valy to them, as her’s is to she; and

so not one on 'em 'll step this way neither ; that I have every thing to go for myself to the bottom of the stair, even to the pails o' water ; that it's not surprising if I should be a little drowsy now and then, as I believe I was when you came in, ma'am. But I have no rest, you see, night or day, but just in that sort of way." Our friend the nurse, who is evidently from the sister country, seemed to have no objection to hear herself talk.

" Well, you will have my assistance now," said Elizabeth, " and I am glad to hear you name Dr. Horace—I have heard so much of his ability. What does he think of my father ? Does he think him in great danger ?" The woman hesitated, and seemed unwilling to reply.

" You may tell me the truth at once,"

said Elizabeth, "I must know it sooner or later!"

"Why, the doctor is not a man of many words," replied the nurse, at length; "he don't say much."

"Then you mean that his opinion is not favourable?"

"I shouldn't much think it was, ma'am."

"I should like to see him myself. When will he be here? Could we not send for him?" The nurse assured her that sending was unnecessary, as it was very near the hour at which the doctor always called. "Then," said Elizabeth, "just leave ready whatever is usually required; give me your directions, and go to your bed. You want rest, you say; I am quite fresh, and can sit up with the greatest ease."

After a slight show of resistance, the good woman gladly yielded — placed a watch-light, showed Elizabeth which was the barley-water, said the doctor would tell her about the medicines, and retired.

CHAPTER XVII.

BEFORE we introduce Doctor Horace, we may as well give a slight sketch of his character and circumstances. His family was one of the most ancient and most highly connected in the kingdom. He was himself the son of a very old baronet, but, being a younger son, he had been given a profession which he pursued with all the ardour of an enthusiastic spirit, and in which he found much exercise for the kindly

sympathies of his nature, that must else have lain dormant : for, resolved not to marry till he had realised a fortune, he sedulously avoided all occasions dangerous to a susceptible heart ; and, whenever not engaged in the more active duties of his profession, busied his whole soul in its scientific researches. Thus had he, up to his present age of thirty, escaped pretty well any serious attachment : a few boyish fancies had, no doubt, each in its day, cost him some slight uneasiness ; but, fortunately for his later prudent resolves, something had each time occurred to dispel the illusive charm ; for the passing impressions to which we allude were, more properly, love's young dreams, than love itself ; and thus had he, though enthusiastic and romantic by nature, been taught a sort of fastidious caution, which even derived

strength from the very qualities to which it would seem a contradiction. A romantic disposition requires much wherewith to be entirely delighted. In early life it can deck the possessor of perhaps some one attraction, with every other, and thus raise a mere mortal to the super-human standard of ideal perfection ; but, once taught by sage experience the danger of worshipping blindly those idols of its own creation, it becomes very hard to please—still longing after the unearthly excellence of which the imagination has once been enamoured, but no longer able to fancy it where it does not exist.

From having been too confiding also, such a temperament is apt to grow too suspicious—or, at least, too mistrustful of its own judgment.

Horace had, we must further observe, a

philosophic turn of mind, which seems yet another contradiction ; but so it was. He reasoned profoundly on every subject, even love—applying the nicest metaphysical subtilities to every intricacy of feeling, and declaring and believing that he could not love except with the entire approbation of his understanding. The being he could select from the whole world, to prefer to all others, must, he would say, secure his respect by her genuine worth and steady principle, command his admiration by her talents, and attract his tenderness by that most loveable of all qualities—a truly good heart ; and to all must be joined a faultless temper, or alas ! that one string, vibrating out of tune, will mar the harmony of the whole. This is very well in theory ; but how our philosopher will find it answer in practice, time only can unfold—particu-

larly should Cupid, in despite of all his precautions, fling a random dart in his direction.

Mrs. Wiggins—such was the nurse's name—has already told us that he was not a man of many words ; by which we suppose she means, that in his professional capacity he never stooped to exercise that degrading art, vulgarly called *humbug*. The fact is, he was too much the man of high honor, benevolent feeling, and religious principle, to practise any art, not consistent with the character of a gentleman, a friend of humanity, and a Christian.

Thus the citadel of a pure heart was, in his case, surrounded by a threefold outwork. His education, both professional and general, had been complete. Patient industry and brilliant talents, qualities so seldom found in combination, were happily united

in him, and the result was such as might have been expected ; while the vigorous application of the powers of such a mind, steadily directed to a leading object, almost necessarily produced that professional superiority for which he was so eminent. Yet, with so much of which to be vain, there was no idle vanity, no pretension whatsoever about either his character or his manner ; so that while the most learned, and most fastidious, found improvement and delight in his society, people of the most moderate abilities, after one interview, felt re-assured and happy in his company. Indeed, had good policy instead of kind-heartedness been his motive for avoiding arrogance, it could not have led him by a more direct road to his own best interests ; for, as he never made any one feel his own inferiority, all were willing to grant his

superiority at least over *every one* but themselves. A man's ambition must be more insatiate than a Cæsar's, a Pompey's, or an Alexander's, who would ask more of the world than this! It was, as the nurse had said, about the doctor's hour for visiting Mr. Mansfield. The door of his chamber, as usual, stood open. Unannounced and with a noiseless step, Horace entered; for certain, as he supposed himself, of finding no one there but the invalid and Mrs. Wiggins, he had no fear of being an intruder.

At the moment of his coming in, Mansfield began to mutter indistinctly in his sleep—"No — no — no, better not — not send — why — why should — she endanger — her life for me!" At the sound of the invalid's voice, the doctor stopped short at the side of the bed nearest the door. Eliza-

beth, at the same instant and for the like cause, started from the hollow back of the nurse's chair, and stood on the opposite side. The surprise of both parties, on thus suddenly beholding each other, was mutual. Elizabeth had not heard any one enter the room, and Horace had already before his mind's eye, in anticipation, the outline of Mrs. Wiggins's figure. It would be scarcely possible to fancy a stronger contrast than that between the being of his imagination, and the one before him. Mansfield was again quite still ; so, after scrutinizing the countenance for a moment and cautiously feeling the pulse and skin, the doctor proceeded round to the side of the room where Elizabeth was. At the first she had had a tolerable guess who he must be, and had in consequence made a slight movement of courtesy ; she

now, therefore, without ceremony, poured forth, in a low whisper, natural and anxious inquiries about the state of her father. The doctor soon discovered with whom he was conversing. From his replies, it was evident he could not say much that was encouraging; but the gentleness of manner, and kindly and compassionate expression of countenance, with which he admitted the fact that there was danger—great danger—were certainly calculated to soften the painful truth as much as possible; while the benevolent pleasure and entire decision, with which he gladly and quietly added that there was also rational hope, were truly comforting and soothing to the feelings of Elizabeth.

The nurse's account of why the sick room was so deserted, she found to be correct; and though the doctor made no comment

on the conduct of those who thus neglected their duty, he manifested his sense of what was right by making no attempt to dissuade Elizabeth from fulfilling hers. Neither did he pay her any compliment in words, on her deed of charity in sending poor Mrs. Wiggins to bed ; but when, in consequence of his inquiries for the nurse, the fact necessarily transpired, an unbidden expression of approbation appeared on his countenance. Without any comment, however, he proceeded to give her every necessary direction for the night, distinctly, yet with perfect freedom from parade or ostentation, and as nearly as possible as he would have done to Mrs. Wiggins herself ; for he had, with the poorest, so much urbanity, and with the greatest so little flourish, that his manner towards all classes was nearly the same. He next recom-

mended some refreshment to Mrs. Bellevue after her journey. While they were discussing this subject in whispers, Mansfield, awaking, half raised his head, and for some seconds, unperceived by either of the speakers, gazed on his daughter; then, exhausted by the exertion, sunk back with a groan. Elizabeth, terrified, and supposing him dying, fell on her knees at the bedside. It was by his own desire she had been sent for, yet his agitation on seeing her was as great as though her appearance had been quite unexpected. He wrung his hands and wept like a child, murmuring her name, from time to time, but seemingly unable to proceed. From the slender share of regard he had for years shown his daughter, no such effects had been apprehended, and therefore no precautions taken.

A scene now followed, which Dr. Horace felt it his duty to shorten as much as possible, it being of too exciting a nature for the patient's strength. He again, therefore, urged the subject of Elizabeth's taking some refreshment after her journey, and insisted on leading her to a sitting-room for that purpose. Her repast was soon over; and she returned, with quieted feelings, to the duties of her watch.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE morning brought Dr. Horace at an early hour ; and, the state of his patient requiring close attendance, his visit was renewed in the course of the day, and again at night ; by which time Elizabeth already began to consider him an old friend. Mrs. Mansfield had refused to see her, fearful she might convey the infection ; whatever communication was absolutely necessary, was to be kept up

through the medium of a third person, who had not entered the sick chamber. Day after day, therefore, Horace was her only friend, her only resource. They had an object of interest in common, for both had duties to perform towards the same helpless being—duties too which necessarily called the most amiable feelings of their nature into exercise ; and thus did each, without a thought of self, unconsciously appear in the most favourable light possible to the other.

Elizabeth admired and respected Horace ; but from tenderer sentiments, we must suppose her guarded by a prior attachment. So much the worse for him : what was to guard his heart from yielding itself to one who had none to give in return ? And after all his caution too, to be assailed thus, in the very *sanctum sanctorum* of

duty, in the sick chamber, whence he could not fly! Alas, why could he not behold Elizabeth, each morning, receive with sparkling eyes, and read with glowing cheeks, an adoring letter from the gallant colonel? Such was the fact, however; but Horace, of course, knew nothing of it.

One day, on breaking the seal of the usual packet, with, of course, the usual anticipations, what was her astonishment! She could scarcely believe her own eyes! The well-known hand-writing was certainly that of her ardent lover; but instead of "*Dearest Elizabeth,*" the letter began with "*Madam.*" She was utterly confounded! She looked for the signature. The *name* indeed was Trump; but instead of being preceded by "*Dearest, Loveliest, best Elizabeth,* ever your own faithful and

devoted lover, and husband in fond expectancy!" it stood, as large as life, beneath three scrambling sort of scratches, absolute caricatures of the common mode of contracting "Your obedient servant!" What could it mean? Before, however, she had time to answer her own question, or glance at another word of the scrawl she held in her hand, Horace came in. For the first time he was unwelcome.

"I see," he exclaimed the moment he entered, "I see by your countenance that our patient has had a return of his bad symptoms."

"Not since the early part of the night," she replied, colouring excessively as she spoke; for she felt the doctor's surmise a reproach, though an unintended one, for having given her thoughts to so different a subject: nor could she entirely with-

draw them, though she endeavoured to do so. It must be remembered she had yet to learn the contents of a letter which began and ended so strangely; she was bewildered, and her manner showed it. She repeated questions that had been already answered, and said and did many incoherent things.

“I see,” said Horace, looking kindly and inquiringly in her face, “that this loss of rest, joined with the inseparable anxiety of mind, is more than you are able to bear. I must not allow you to carry it too far: it has already excited the nervous system to an alarming degree. You must, indeed, my dear Mrs. Bellevue, you must permit me to interfere; you are not so strong as I thought: and even should you be able to keep it up till—till the necessity for exertion is, one way or other, over, I shall

then have serious fears for the consequence." The awful allusion to her father's danger rallied instantly every wandering power of Elizabeth's mind around the standard of duty. She became collected, and able again to give her undivided attention to every word uttered by the doctor.

"Nor, though I do not wish," continued Horace, "to raise in your mind hopes that may yet be disappointed, do I myself, by any means, despair: on the contrary, I have, at this moment, more hope than I have had at any former period. The worst symptoms have visibly yielded to the use of the cold affusion: on each application the heat has been lessened, the pulse moderated, and the mind calmed. With, therefore, that zealous attention to ventilation, fumigation, and all the thousand

powerful allies of medicine, which no physician, unless he were also nurse, can always command the means of fully enforcing, but which, in this case, your dutiful attention secures—with all these, I say, there is good ground of hope.” Having given her this comfortable assurance, he quitted her.

Before, however, a returning thought could be bestowed on the letter, there was much to be done. The labour had become infinitely too much for one nurse, and Horace had in consequence long since provided a second. Elizabeth now saw strictly fulfilled, and, as far as possible, assisted, every most minute direction given to either. At length, when Mansfield, after the use of the cold affusion, ceased to writhe and moan, and sunk into a more refreshing sleep than

usual, Elizabeth gave fervent thanks to heaven for the happy omen; and thus, strengthened in spirit to endure whatever might be the contents of the strange epistle, sat down, with something like composure, to its perusal. Her philosophy, however, we must confess, did not last long. As she read, contending emotions passed over her countenance: for a moment or two she was perfectly pale; her very lips were white, yet parched, and she seemed to gasp for breath; a tear or two forced their way and fell; a curling of the lip, and a smile of scorn, ending in an hysterical laugh, followed; then, powerful indignation mastering every feeling but shame, a universal glow rose over her neck and face, and settled in burning blushes on her cheeks, while her dark eyes flashed fire. She hastily commenced a second

perusal of the letter ; and that we may be able to enter fully into her emotions, we had better look over her shoulder while she reads ; its contents were as follows :—

“MADAM,

“As I should be sorry to trifle with the feelings of any woman, I must beg leave, in the most explicit and unequivocal manner, to decline the honor which, from the style of your last letter, I am led to suppose you intend me—namely, a matrimonial connexion. To prove to your perfect satisfaction, that such could never have been the object of those gallantries which, as a military man towards a very handsome woman, I have shown to you, I need only mention that the *secret history* of your *past* life has been made known to me by a

friend of *your own*. I am too delicate to state particulars ; but I must inform you, that the honour of military men is particularly nice on those points. As a brother-officer of mine used to say : ‘ Cæsar’s wife must not even be suspected ! ’ and I am certainly quite of his opinion. With such sentiments as these, you must see clearly the impossibility of my ever making you my *wife* ! I trust, therefore, that this honorable candour on my part will not put an end to the friendship which has subsisted between us, as I shall always be happy to meet you in society on the best possible terms.

“ I have the honor to be,

“ Madam,

“ Your obedient servant,

“ W. H. TRUMP.”

Though we are not just now at leisure to take any means of discovering Trump's motive for penning this insolent letter, we cannot run the risk of suffering our readers, for one moment, to entertain a suspicion derogatory to the honor of Mrs. Bellevue. We must therefore assure them that the wicked insinuations contained in the epistle alluded to, are entirely the offspring of the lie-loving colonel's prolific fancy. Had his brain been a garden-production, it would, doubtless, have been classed by botanists, 'the Lying Plant, Multiflorum.' We must also state, that though Mrs. Bellevue's last letter did contain the repetition of a promise, often before given, to be the wife of Colonel Trump, it did not contain, as he would have us believe, an offer to that

effect; but was a modest and decorous, though kind reply, to a most furiously ardent appeal from her then adoring lover.

CHAPTER XIX.

LONG before the hour Horace generally visited his patient, Elizabeth was aroused from her indignant reflections by an unusual bustle in the gallery, followed, much to her surprise, by the unceremonious entrance of a stranger—a man of a most terrific appearance : he seemed to be about six feet ten, and was large in proportion ; he wore an abundance of black hair flowing on his shoulders, had large, fierce, black

eyes, and inordinate whiskers. He nodded to Elizabeth ; then going to the bedside said, while examining the patient somewhat roughly :—

“ You’ve had Dr. Horace here, I understand ?”

Elizabeth replied in the affirmative.

“ No wonder the man’s dying !” pursued the stranger : “ and what treatment has he undergone, pray ?” he demanded, addressing Mrs. Wiggins. Mrs. Wiggins, whose countenance and movements denoted the most sovereign contempt for her new commander, and the most sulky unwillingness to obey his orders, showed him a pill-box or two, and a bottle of mixture, and described, dwelling particularly on their good effect, the affusion, careful ventilation, &c.

“ Wrong ! all wrong !” interrupted the

stranger, at every second word: "why, he must have been dead by this time to-morrow, if I had not been sent for."

"You have been sent for then, sir?" said Elizabeth.

"Yes, madam, I have been sent for by Mrs. Mansfield. You must, I presume, know me—by reputation, at least: I am Dr. Van Helmont."

"Dr. Horace will, I believe, be here shortly," replied Elizabeth; "and you will possibly consult together."

"Dr. Horace, madam, has been dismissed by Mrs. Mansfield. I have generally, however, the good fortune to be able to cure my patients without Dr. Horace's assistance; unless, indeed, they have been already too long on his hands."

Our new doctor now proceeded to reverse every order given by his predecessor:

he prohibited the affusion, spunging, and, in short, all application of moisture to the skin ; he commanded the doors and windows to be closed, and additional blankets to be put on the bed ; and finally, as a matter of course, altered all the medicines. Elizabeth attempted to remonstrate, pleading the visible relief her father had experienced from some of the means now forbidden. The doctor stormed, said his orders must be strictly obeyed, or he could not answer for the life of the patient. “ I now undertake,” he continued, “ to snatch him from the grave ; but had the means of which you speak been persevered in till to-morrow—in other words, had I not been called in till to-morrow — nothing could have saved him.”

Poor Elizabeth, though grieved to the heart, was obliged to submit, and Dr. Van

Helmont, after a few more injunctions to the nurses, took his departure; upon which Mrs. Wiggins began to pour forth her discontent, telling Elizabeth that the new doctor was——here she paused; at length, lowering her voice and looking at the door, she said, “I’ll tell you what he is—nothing more nor less than a German Jew fellow of a hair-dresser, that used to sell patent medicines along with his perfumery, till the country folk began to ask for the doctor, when they’d come for a box of pills. ‘If I have the name, I’ll have the gain,’ thought Van Helmont,—‘so doctor it shall be;’ and doctor it was, and doctor it has been from that day to this; till, what with the queer look he has with him, and what with his outlandish name, nearly all the fools in Town are running after him : for all the world like play-

ing at 'send the fool further,' of an April day; for nobody, I take it, likes to be the only fool going;—and, as for being killed, they are like the eels and the skinning—they are used to it by this time, and so they don't mind it."

The nurse then went on to give an account of two ridiculous circumstances, which, as she observed, would have been the ruin of any honest man; but which proved the making of Van Helmont. There happened to come to Bath another foreign fellow, called Schleiermacher, who sent hand-bills about, setting forth that, by some elixir virtue, some marvellous secret, which of course he did not disclose for nothing, he could cure all manner of diseases in half an hour. One day, as the respectable Schleiermacher was carrying round printed notices of his own abilities, well plastered

on the blank side with sticking-paste, for the purpose of making them adhere to walls, posts, &c., who should he meet in the market-place, but that equally creditable personage Dr. Van Helmont! A sort of jealousy, as is too frequently the case with *great public* characters, subsisted between the parties; notwithstanding which, Schleiermacher, on the present occasion, rather to the surprise of Van Helmont, accosted him in the most friendly manner possible, clapping him familiarly on the shoulder, and assuring him that he considered him the best doctor in the world. He contrived, however, while doing so, to place conspicuously on the centre of his rival's back a large, and, as has been already remarked, well-pasted hand-bill, which each affected caress assisted to adjust. When it was quite firmly and

smoothly fixed, he took his leave, having thus adroitly converted the unconscious Van Helmont into a walking post, proclaiming, in capital letters, the superior skill, and placing beyond the reach of scepticism the talents for waggery, of his reputable antagonist Schleiermacher. This made a noise—and noise, with fools, seems to be every thing! His next lift, a much more important one, was obtained thus:—A writer of squibs for a newspaper happened, by way of a jest against the empiric, to state that his Majesty had been taken suddenly ill, and that having heard so much of the skill of the famous Dr. Van Helmont, he had sent down, express, a coach and eight to bring him up to the palace! A few rational people laughed—hundreds of fools believed—all that wonder-loving race, the old women, talked—of course, there was

noise enough !—and, as we hinted before, noise being every thing, large sums of the universal *desideratum* were added to the coffers of Dr. Van Helmont !

There are, by the bye, two excellent modes of cheating the Stamp-office, and getting advertised free of expense. The first is, to connect what you want made public with something so marvellous, that those who tell the story, shall always have the satisfaction of finding that, by so doing, they make the company stare ! The second is, to write the said piece of information, in strictly confidential letters, to all your friends ; and, that they may be sure, in equally strict confidence, to show the particular passage you wish made public to every one they know, entangle it with a well-turned compliment to the friend to whom the letter is addressed.

The history of which we have sketched the outline, and which, of course, Mrs. Wiggins gave at full length and in her own language, did not at all tend to inspire Elizabeth with confidence in her new medical adviser ; and she was meditating anxiously on what could be done to recall Dr. Horace, when a note from him was brought by the under-nurse. It spoke, with feelings highly creditable to the heart of the writer, of the deep regret with which he abandoned his patient at such a crisis :—so great, he stated, was his reluctance to do so, that he had offered to wave professional etiquette, and attend with a man, whom, in a case of less emergency, he could not even meet. We must just mention, by the way, that Van Helmont had been strenuously recommended to Mrs. Mansfield, by a gentleman whose wife had died in his

care, notwithstanding the most skilful treatment possible—in short, she *died* perfectly *cured*! which naturally inspired Mrs. Mansfield with such confidence in Van Belmont's abilities, that she determined to entrust her husband's *life* in no other hands!

Horace's note concluded with some anxious charges respecting Elizabeth's own health; through which there ran a tone of respectful kindness, soothing to one so thoroughly miserable.

The results of the change of system were soon strikingly visible: every bad symptom returned; the heat of the skin became acrid and intense, the tongue black; purple spots appeared on various parts of the body; each attempt to speak was more and more inarticulate; and, before morning, Mansfield was quite delirious. When Van

Helmont arrived, he pronounced all going on well, and the patient much better. Elizabeth in tears pointed out each aggravated symptom.

“Exactly what I wished—exactly what I expected,” he replied—“the best possible proof that the medicines are taking effect, and that the patient will ultimately recover.”

Through the day the constant moaning and writhing of poor Mansfield was pitiable; towards evening, appearances of putrefaction manifested themselves; the extremities grew cold, and hiccups came on. Van Helmont again arrived, pronounced the hiccups, at which the nurses were exchanging significant looks, nothing but a spasmodic asthma, under which the patient might live for twenty years. Then assuring Elizabeth, repeatedly, that her father was

in no danger whatever, he left them for the night.

On the new plan there was so little to be done, that a peculiar dreariness, almost a feeling of self-reproach was induced. It seemed standing by and consenting to the sufferings of the sick person, to make no attempt to relieve them. About twelve o'clock Elizabeth permitted the nurses to lie down for an hour or two, and took her melancholy station at her father's bedside. The moaning continued almost incessantly, except when, lethargy overcoming agony, a few moments of stupor were induced.

Between this state and the paroxysms Mansfield would sometimes mutter much, but inarticulately. One time, however, Elizabeth clearly distinguished the words, "She is gone too—well—quite right—

quite right!" Her natural impulse was to speak to him, to tell him she was there, to ask him what she could do for him: she stood up for the purpose, but he seemed again still; and Van Helmont having represented this stupor as sleep, and said much of its efficacy, she was fearful of doing mischief by officious zeal, and remained therefore in her now upright position, motionless, silent, and scarcely venturing to respire.

"Yes—she's gone—" Mansfield again murmured: she made one step forward, but again paused. Mansfield sighed heavily, then relapsed into a torpor from which he never awoke. Elizabeth's grief was aggravated to a species of despair, by the idea which haunted her for weeks, months, nay, years after, that she had refused to answer, with one word of comfort, the dying ac-

cents of her father ; that she had suffered him to expire under the impression that she too had abandoned him—that he was neglected, forsaken by all !

CHAPTER XX.

UP to the time of Horace's dismissal, a fatal termination, though it had ceased to be probable, being still possible, the solemn idea was ever present—keeping up a corresponding tone of thought, and thus preventing that analysing of the lighter feelings, which in any other situation would have been but natural. To this cause it must be ascribed that Horace, though a philosopher and a metaphysician, knew

so little of himself, that he was not aware of the secret source from which his visits had already begun to derive a degree of interest, dangerous to his future peace. It was not till he was compelled to discontinue them, that he began to suspect how much more than a duty they had become. The restlessness he experienced, the total inability to give his mind wholly up to any subject, alarmed him : yet he endeavoured to account for it, by telling himself that the state in which he left Mansfield was so critical, that it was impossible not to be anxious on the subject. The image of Elizabeth was certainly associated with every such reflection : but could it be otherwise ? Was she not placed in circumstances which must have rendered any one, so situated, an object of interest ? It was not her personal beauty which occu-

pied his thoughts—no, he could certainly acquit himself of that; it was the moral charm, the absolute self-devotion at the call of duty. But, was this moral charm viewed entirely in the abstract? This we fear is a question too delicate for even Horace himself to resolve. If peculiar circumstances live in the memory, will not fancy present to the eye of the mind, the presiding spirit of the scene so remembered? If that spirit was ever clothed in loveliness, will not the reflected image bear some resemblance to the original?—and can a vision thus lovely dwell unceasingly in the imagination, and the judgment remain unbiassed, the heart untouched? In reply we can only say, that it is often easier to ask questions than to answer them. The moment the motive for exertion ceased, both body and mind

yielded to the overwhelming weight of fatigue and sorrow, which hitherto they had resisted with the supernatural strength that necessity so often seems to bestow, or rather to lend. Elizabeth was carried to bed, literally unable to stand ; she had just power to intimate that Van Helmont must not again be suffered to enter her presence.

“ Should you be poorly, ma’am,” said Mrs. Wiggins, “ who shall I send for ?”

Elizabeth faintly murmured the name of Doctor Horace ; and the nurse thinking her quite ill enough already to require advice, despatched a messenger immediately for the doctor.

This summons, which of course Horace obeyed instantly, was also the first intimation he had of Mansfield’s death. The moment he saw Elizabeth, he feared, from the total prostration of strength, that she

was attacked by the fever; an event rendered highly probable by the late want of ventilation in Mansfield's apartment. His apprehensions were soon justified; for, despite of every precaution, the disease not only appeared, but took its course. For a considerable time she was unconscious even of the presence of Horace, while night and day he watched beside her, uniting to the skill of the physician a solicitude as tender as that of the nearest relative. When, however, after having for some time almost despaired of her life, he saw her eyes open, and beheld her look up with a smile of grateful recognition, the joy he naturally felt was accompanied by a thrill of tenderness, of the recollection of which he could never afterwards divest himself; and which, under all the extraordinary circumstances that followed,

seemed to furnish him with a reason, however irrational, for continuing to love Elizabeth, when the most ingenious casuistry, perhaps, could not have discovered any other.

During convalescence he was her constant companion; and sometimes, with that refining on refinement, which, in the construction of Horace's mind, almost amounted to a disease, he would fancy, that having called her back from the threshold of another and a better world, he was accountable for the happiness or misery of her future existence in this. If, however, he had already founded upon this idea any wish to devote his own life to the agreeable task of rendering her's happy, he had no reason to believe that it was, or ever would be, in his power to do so; at

least no reason sufficient to inspire a man of his modesty with hope.

Men of refinement are always humble in their appreciation of their own merits, and particularly unwilling to believe a woman they wish to love too easily won, even by themselves ! Elizabeth's manners too, which we have seen to be so thoughtless towards other men, were, towards Horace, though but six years her senior, those, not only of a daughter, but of a daughter who, while she loved and revered the virtues of her parent, had been so little in his society, that she could not feel quite at her ease, or express freely her sentiments, lest they should fall short of that standard of perfection which she believed to exist in the mind of one to whom she looked up as from an immeasurable distance. It may

appear like a contradiction—but so it was—there was something in this manner, which, while it seemed to deny the lover hope, secretly and silently flattered the philosopher, and kept alive an interest of the most anxious and poignant nature.

The cruel unfeeling conduct of Mrs. Mansfield had thrown Elizabeth more entirely on the care, protection, and even friendly interference of Horace, than, until she was tolerably well recovered, she had herself any idea. The following are the particular circumstances to which we allude.

When Mrs. Mansfield was informed that Mrs. Bellevue had taken the fever, she immediately ordered her to be removed to any lodgings that could be obtained; saying, that though she had endangered her life for her husband, she could not be ex-

pected to do so for a step-daughter. She was, however, not a little disconcerted when, in reply to this harsh command, Horace informed her, through the medium of Mr. Mansfield's attorney, that the house in Bath, as well as all other property of her late husband's, with the exception of a life annuity to herself of three hundred pounds per annum, now belonged to Mrs. Bellevue, by virtue of a will to which he, Horace, was executor, and which Mr. Mansfield had made in the early part of his illness, immediately after Mrs. Mansfield's refusal to enter the sick chamber.

Mrs. Mansfield, of course, made every inquiry with a view to opposition—being strenuously encouraged in so doing by her attorney, who happened to be one of that disreputable and pettyfogging sort, who

snare their clients into suits they know they must lose, merely that they may have a long bill against them. What a pity it is that human nature cannot bring an action against such people—degrading humanity by wearing the human form! Finding, however, after every effort that the will did not admit of dispute, Mrs. Mansfield took her departure from Bath.

Elizabeth, therefore, on her recovery, found herself, by the friendly exertions of Horace, in quiet possession of her father's house.

Her father's death, and her own dangerous illness, had followed so immediately on the receipt of Trump's insulting letter, that they had, for a time, forcibly driven its very remembrance from her mind: that remembrance now, however, returned,

from time to time, like the recollection of a horrible dream; while each recurrence, instead of being fainter than the last, became the more vivid as her recovery progressed. It was not regret, it was not sorrow she experienced; but her heart swelled with powerful indignation and unbounded resentment; and health of body being necessary to the full vigour of such sentiments, they strengthened as it increased. She had also had a letter from a person in London, mentioning certain circumstances which had occurred in the family of old Bellevue during her absence, the knowledge of which, in connexion with the particular minutiae of the how and the when, rendered Trump's motives for writing his late precious epistle perfectly evident, and by so doing exposed his character not only in its true colours, but in

the most glaring light possible. One thought, indeed, there was, which made her miserable—it was thorough contempt for herself! She had—no, she had not loved; but she had fancied she had loved; she had in idea identified herself with a being utterly despicable—and could she ever recover her self-respect? Never! What could have blinded her? She could now perceive that his very attentions had been noisy, vulgar, and officious; and yet she had been the egregious fool to be gratified and flattered by them!

Circumstances certainly had, at the time, biassed, almost disordered her judgment: she had long been alone in the world, in point of feeling; and worse than alone, in point of fact; for she had been the sole companion of a surly, satirical, sick old man, who exacted her services, yet gave

her not even thanks, much less attachment in return: while Trump's affectation of entire devotion had deceived her:—by what? Why, she had taken his very clumsiness for the guarantee of his sincerity: she had compelled her good taste to yield, against its will, to what she supposed her judgment; believing him headlong in kindness, and in too great a hurry to be good-natured to wait to be polished. Her acquaintance with Horace had taught her, what a keener observer of human character would probably have discovered before, that those who possess from nature the kindest hearts are susceptible of the highest polish from art; or, to speak more justly, from that conventional regard to the comfort of others, usually called good-breeding, and well defined “*good-nature to advantage dressed.*” When,

however, a bad imitation of the mere dress, or rather its gaudy substitute, fashionable airs, happen to be put on by *ill-nature*, how miserably, alas, does the tasteless costume misbecome her forbidding features!—and how often have we seen her, thus attired, depart much further than homely vulgarity dare, from that Christian grace which “doth not behave itself unseemly!”

By the way, a tax on *fashionable ill-breeding*, a sort of protecting duty on the feelings of society, would, we should think, without oppressing the labouring classes, prove a very productive branch of the revenue. It might indeed check insolence, but it would not paralyse industry; it might quell the growth of mushroom pretension, and take away their

licenses from the dealers in impertinence ; but it would not discourage the cultivation of corn, oats, potatoes, or any other necessary of life.

CHAPTER XXI.

As Colonel Trump and his friend Glandore were crossing Grosvenor Square, a travelling carriage drove up to old Bellevue's door, and a lady in deep mourning descended from it slowly, assisted by a servant: the friends were so near at the moment, as to be obliged to pause for the purpose of leaving the flag-way free:—after the hesitation of half a second, Glandore bounded forward, shook hands with the lady, offered his arm, assisted her up the

steps of the house, shook hands again, and descending rejoined the colonel, who, with a proud military air, was sauntering onward.

“Why, Trump! Trump! where were your eyes, man?—that was Mrs. Bellevue.”

“I know,” replied the colonel with much dignity.

“What! have all your golden dreams vanished then? I thought you had been getting on famously in that quarter.”

“Getting on—ay, d—n it, like a house on fire—till I put my foot in it.”

“No! but how?”

“It certainly was the most unlucky hit that ever a poor devil of a fellow made. I had her as sure as a gun! Why, a Jew rascal, that I showed some of her letters to, had no hesitation in lending me *money* upon them. I can *do* him, to be sure; for, as he

was to be paid the day after the wedding, I shall now not pay him at all."

"Pooh! pooh! man—never mind the Jew: you're such a huxtering fellow, I fear you'll never make your fortune in a whole-sale way. But tell me all about it: you must have been a clumsy dog to let such a prize slip through your fingers."

"Why, you must know I was never half satisfied about the old fellow; I always thought he would play her a trick. Well, one morning, a few days after the widow left for Bath, what should I see, as I happened to be passing St. George's, Hanover Square, but Bellevue's carriage draw up? I stopped of course, and beheld with no small consternation, as you may believe, old Bellevue and the fat housekeeper in bridal array descend from it, and enter the church. I made up immediately to John

the footman, and asked him what it all meant. He told me that his master was going, sure enough, to marry Mrs. Phillips the housekeeper ;—that it had been a great surprise to them all, as not one creature in the house had suspected, the very night before, what was going on.—Here was a pretty kettle of fish ! for I was engaged, you know, to Elizabeth :—well, in my haste that she should suppose I had heard nothing of Bellevue's marriage at the time of writing, I turned into the first hotel, called for paper, &c., and penned her a letter—dated, mind you, the day before—breaking off all connexion between us, and assigning as a reason for so doing, that I had heard aspersions against her character. I thought this would keep her from making a noise about it ; for, you see, one has a great advantage of the women in those matters :

'faith, a fellow may do almost any thing, as long as there is no brother to shoot him; for a woman knows, that, let her be ever so innocent, being talked of will do her no good, so she will put up with a great deal for quietness sake."

"Come, come now, Trump, 'brevity is the soul of wit!'—A truce with your moralizing, and get on with your story."

"Well, the moment I had finished my letter, I put it in the post with my own hands; no sooner however had I done so, than who should I meet, on my return home, but John! "Well, sir," said he, "so our fine wedding is all off, it seems." He then went on to explain that a few minutes after I had parted from him at the church-door, the banns had been forbidden by a lame sailor—to whom, it would appear, the

woman had been married some years since. He had lately returned from sea and come about the house begging : she had refused to relieve or acknowledge him. He, however, was determined to make his claim good—not only to herself, but to her savings;—so the business ended in old Bellevue's handing Mrs. Phillips over to her spouse, forbidding her ever to show her face in his house again, and returning home in a rage."

"What a fool the woman was," said Glandore, "not to have stopped the lame sailor's mouth ! had she married Bellevue, she could have afforded the fellow plenty of hush-money. So your letter was off, you say ?"

"Past recall ! And her father, I hear, has left her the bulk of his property, his house

in Bath, and I don't know what all: and old Bellevue is now thought to be really dying."

"And is there no chance of reconciliation?"

"No, 'faith!"

"Cursed unlucky!" said Glandore, "at this time particularly. You must know, that girl whose money I touched, has returned from France and threatens me with a prosecution."

"A serious affair, 'faith!" observed the colonel.

"A little cash, I should think," said Glandore, "would settle it; for she and the mother are now taking in needle-work for their bread."

"She may sew the ends off her fingers," observed the colonel feelingly, "before she earns the costs of a law-suit! Could'nt you

manage to raise the wind a little for your bill at Long's—and giving them a draught on your country banker for some fifty pounds or so above the amount, they will be sure to give you the difference, and before the draught falls due we shall be out of town.”

“ You are always ready enough with your advice, Trump—but you never come down with the cash ; now this, with a friend such as I have been, is not handsome, let me tell you.”

“ Why, you have been very kind in introducing me to several acquaintances of yours, and that—”

“ To all you know, I fancy.”

“ Well—a—that is not exactly the point under discussion ; for it just comes to this—I cannot give what I have not got.”

“ You are not without money, Trump, wherever you find it. And had you made

use of the opportunity I threw in your way, your fortune was made."

"By the bye," said the colonel, anxious to change the subject, "I see Lady Kilmany is at Malvern, what do you say to going down there? I have a wonderful hankering after the ten thousand a-year."

"I believe you!" said Glandore; "but do you seriously think you would have any chance?"

"Never venture, never win," retorted the colonel; "and if I fail, I'm no worse than I was."

"That is as people think; for myself, I confess I should not relish a refusal from any woman."

"But when it's the money, and not the woman, you are proposing for," said Trump, "there's no need to be so nice."

Glandore laughed at his friend's wit;

then, returning to the subject of Lady Kilmany, said—"There is certainly, as we have often agreed, that one circumstance in your favour, that her pride literally starves her vanity—or at least, as you shrewdly observed, makes a little blarney a bit of a variety; for men of any modesty are so much awed by her haughty carriage, that they are afraid to pay her the very compliment she is longing to hear. 'Faith, after all, there is no saying what your heroism may achieve. I have, to do you but justice, seen you myself face a battery of frowns, that to me would have been more terrible than showers of cannon-balls red-hot. And then, the other game being up too, it is at least worth the trial."

"We had better go together," said the colonel: "you pay all your attentions to the daughter, and any other very young

women that may be there ; and when the old one begins to feel herself a little neglected, then will be the time for me to step in, console her by falling desperately in love with her, and so carry off the prize. Ten thousand a-year ! What would not a fellow do, for ten thousand a-year ? 'Faith, the very thought of it makes one's teeth water ! And I say, Glandore, you must keep harping upon the charms of extreme youth—while I take up the other side, and declare that mere girls never could please me ; that they can have no formed character, no stamp of fashion ; and that, besides, they are ready to like any man who talks soft nonsense to them ; but what is flattering to a man of sense, is being chosen by a woman of discernment, who has seen something of the world."

" Malvern being a small place too," said

Glandore, thoughtfully, “you may possibly have the field to yourself.”

“Who could you introduce me to, by the bye, that I mayn’t seem to devote my time to Lady Kilmany, mind you, for want of acquaintance?”

“Why, Lady Lyttleton is the first woman there; but not at all in your way. She is one of the best and most pious people in the world: her thoughts, her income, and her time, are all devoted to works of charity.”

“Could I not get into the next seat at church, and cast up my eyes, and all that?”

“You might, to be sure; and subscribe to all the schools, and institutions, and so forth—that is, put your name down; there is no occasion to pay, of course.”

“Capital, ’faith!” responded the colonel.

“ And I can attend the charity sermons too ;
and by being very obliging, and offering to
carry a plate round, nobody will notice my
not putting any money in myself.”

For Malvern, then, this amiable and
well-meaning couple set out immediately.

CHAPTER XXII.

ELIZABETH'S return to town was much accelerated by a hasty summons from old Bellevue. She found him much worse ; and, in a few days after her arrival, he departed this life, leaving her in full possession of all that wealth the gallant colonel had so much desired to obtain, and, indeed, been so very near obtaining.

A paragraph he read in the newspaper, the day after his arrival at Malvern, almost took away his appetite for dinner, despite

the keen air of the hills. We say almost, for nothing entirely deprived the colonel of his capability of feeding. When his mind was affected through the *nerves* of his purse-strings, his digestion sympathised—the same quantity of food was swallowed, but, as he himself feelingly expressed it, it did him no good! On the present occasion, brandy-and-water and cigars were resorted to, in vain; not even “*pouring spirits down, could keep his spirits up,*” while conning over the princely fortune, the extensive estates in ——shire, the streets of houses in town, the hundred thousand in the Three-per-cents, bequeathed by the old gentleman to his beautiful and amiable daughter-in-law. Glandore too, instead of consoling his friend, betook himself to the clouds, in a two-fold sense — not only wrapping his

form in the smoke of his cigar, but clothing his thoughts in the words of the poet, and giving voice, from time to time, to provokingly apt quotations, such as, 'There is a tide in the affairs of man, which, if taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ; but—' can you help me with the rest, Trump ?"

"D—n it !" said Trump, with all the asperity of a disappointed man.

"There is," proceeded Glandore, "a Providence who shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will !"

As soon as business would permit, Mrs. Bellevue removed to Torquay ; for anxiety of mind and fatigue of body had so retarded the perfect re-establishment of her general health, that sea-bathing and quietude had become absolutely necessary. Both were to be found in the

beautiful and retired spot she had chosen for her retreat. Day after day she wandered amid its picturesque scenery, her rambles lengthening as her strength increased. Thus did about three months pass away. It was now that, notwithstanding her immense wealth, she felt that she was literally alone in the world : for though, from the surliness of old Bellevue's temper, the close attendance upon him had been misery, it was occupation ; and though the poor old man himself was worthless and unloveable, his helplessness and dependence upon her had rendered him, as we before observed, the object of a kind affection, which, though it was a comfortless, unrequited feeling, was not the utter void she now experienced. The mind is too active a principle to endure supineness : if we are not blessed

with positive happiness, stimulated by an absorbing passion, or occupied in a legitimate pursuit, we possibly suffer less under a tangible cause for anxiety, than we should in a state of entire apathy. It is probable that the secret source of the sustaining influence in such cases is, after all, hope—the hope which always entwines itself with contingency ; for, if there is no positive good to look forward to, the imagination pictures to itself, at least, the negative satisfaction of being freed from those fears which are inseparable from uncertainty, and thus there is something in prospect.

To return to poor Elizabeth :—she had, as we have lately witnessed, also lost her father ; and though he had never been a kind one, yet the world is not quite so much a desert, when we can think it

contains for us a parent, however widely separated by distance or by circumstance. She had neither brother nor sister; her stepmother was now more estranged than ever; while, to render the friendlessness of her state complete, her own mother, as well as her father, having both been only children, she had neither uncle, aunt, nor cousin. During such reflections the image of Horace would arise unbidden, the more vividly represented because a solitary object amid this wilderness of the kindly affections: for a second, his very features would flash on memory, clearly delineated, and lit up by that indulgent expression, which had preserved the brow of the philosopher from receiving from his sternest researches the stamp of severity. "Surely I have a friend in him!" she would say. "No, no," she would pursue, as she

called to mind the nature and shortness of their acquaintance ; “ benevolence, compassion, directed his conduct : he is the friend of humanity in general, not my friend in particular ! ” Then would the sense of desolation return more powerfully than ever.

The thought of the colonel would come next ; but it was only to add to desolation self-abasement. Had she not once intended to marry him ? She had ! Then, was she not, in point of moral feeling, as much degraded as though she had actually been his wife ? Whenever she arrived at this conclusion, thoughts of Horace would return, but less defined, and joined with an uneasy sensation of conscious shame, and almost a dread of ever seeing him again. What would one so exalted in intellect, so refined in sentiment, think

of her?—how heartily would he despise her! how instinctively would he shrink from her, could he know, could he suspect that she had once intended, nay, wished to be the wife — of whom? of what? — of the last, the lowest being in creation's scale! Nor had her eyes opened to his baseness till she had been rejected by him! Yes, she had been rejected: for, though the insolent inference in his letter, that she had spoken of their engagement in more definite terms than he expected, was altogether false—yet, she had been virtually rejected, for she had accepted, and he had withdrawn. Blushes, almost as deep and painful as those called up by the first reading of the colonel's epistle, now rose over neck and face. At the moment of which we are speaking, she was seated

at a window ; her eyes rested unconsciously on the entrance to a beautifully embowered cottage nearly opposite, and at no great distance, which for some days, she had heard, was being prepared and decorated for the reception of a wedding party.

The first thing that aroused her attention was the driving up, at full speed, of a chariot and four, to the said entrance. It stopped—the carriage-door was opened—and who should descend from it, in the character of bridegroom, but the gallant Colonel Trump ! and who should he, with his usual amiable *empressement* of manner, hand out, blushing with rouge, and in bridal array, but the proud, the aristocratic Lady Kilmany ! For a few seconds the objects of sight seemed to present scarcely any definite ideas to the mind of

Elizabeth : she continued gazing on the bustling operations of the domestics, who were disburdening the carriage of its contents, as though to ascertain the exact number of packages, imperials, &c. had been of paramount importance. While she was thus employed, her own maid ran into the room with the wonderful news of *who* the new-married couple were. It would not be very easy to define the feelings of Elizabeth, at the first moment of clearly apprehending that the fact admitted of no doubt. The leading idea which presented itself was, that she was not the only dupe, the only fool in the world ; she need not, therefore, be quite so angry with herself, nor despise herself so thoroughly and exclusively as she had done. There was something consoling in this approach to reconciliation with herself ; yet, there were

unavoidably painful sensations, from the powerful recurrence to, though not of, past feelings. When she had last beheld that man, whom she now saw, through wreaths of flowering woodbine, seated at the open window of the opposite cottage conversing with his bride,—who, though a little in the back ground, was also visible,—she had believed him thoroughly amiable, she had thought of him as her future husband. She now beheld a being, wearing the same outward garb of form and feature, around which such kindly associations had so lately clung—and she knew him to be the basest of mortals—she saw in him the husband of another. She also felt really sorry for Lady Kilmany—sorry that she had made a fool of herself, and sorry that she had put herself in the power of a villain. She thought too of poor Lady

Mary ; what colouring might not her fate receive from this strange event ! She resolved, in the mean time, not to make herself known to her friend, and to quit Torquay the next morning. The happy couple now disappeared from the window ; a few minutes after, they issued from the door, and began to perambulate the little garden of their rural habitation. Lady Kilmany was, of course, leaning on the arm of the colonel ; from time to time he turned anxiously round, and adjusted her shawl with exactly his own old manner,—all the appearance of heart-felt interest, which had so often duped and gratified Elizabeth. He then gathered some flowers for his lady, and, as he also always used to do for Elizabeth, carefully pared every thorn from the roses

and sweet-briar. Presently her ladyship manifested a disposition to cross the grass-plat. In a moment the colonel was on one knee, his white glove off, and his hand applied to the surface of the green herb, evidently with the intention of ascertaining whether there was any damp. This was a manœuvre too well remembered by Elizabeth to be viewed without a feeling of poignant pain, joined with the most thorough disgust at this practical display, as it were, of the fact, that all which had seemed the overflowings—nay, sometimes even the very blunders—of good-nature, had been an absolute system of well-rehearsed movements, as mechanical as the “Make ready!—Present!—Fire!” of the soldier on parade.

She now removed from the window: she would, as may be believed, have

done so long since, had she not known, that the blind, through which she had seen so much, was, from without, impervious to sight.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE flowering honeysuckle in our last chapter may have already informed our readers, that it was a season more fashionable for London than for Bath ; yet Elizabeth decided on going to her house in the latter place. She thought it highly probable, that the colonel and his lady would repair, as soon as the honeymoon was over, to Lady Kilmany's residence in town ; and she felt disinclined to be thrown into immediate contact with them just at present.

As soon as her arrival in River Street became known, she had, notwithstanding the unfavorable time of year, hosts of visitors—chiefly, it must be confessed, ancient dowagers and antiquated maiden ladies, all particular friends of Mrs. Mansfield; but so liberal-minded, as to be of opinion that in family quarrels there are always faults on both sides, and therefore to be determined to be also particular friends of Mrs. Bellevue. Nor was this determination weakened by the accounts generally circulated of her immense wealth, and the reasonable anticipation of the many agreeable parties it was highly probable she would give in the course of the next season. Ladies with large families of daughters certainly saw that Mrs. Bellevue would be a very dangerous rival, possessed, as she was, of that powerful universal attraction,

that one thing needful of this world, — money! But then, as it was impossible to keep a woman with such charms in the back ground, the next best thing was to be on excellent terms with her; for all the men would of course crowd about her house, and, after all, she could marry but one of them! so that it would at least be giving the girls a chance that they could never have at the regular routs, consisting of two hundred dowagers in diamonds, to one *married* man! Alas! for the dignity of the sex! yet men need not be so conceited and impertinent as they are, would they but consider, that it is not for any intrinsic merit of their own that they are in such request, but simply because the law, being made by themselves, has, generally speaking, placed that said one thing needful—the money, in their hands. Just

reverse the picture for a moment, and the truth of this assertion will become manifest. Let us suppose that the *House of Ladies*, lately proposed by some of our judicious public prints, were established; and that our peeresses, like most legislators who have gone before them, were to obey that first law of nature, “*Take care of Number One!*” and pass a Bill, entailing strictly *all* property in the female line for ever, so that it should not only belong to the lady in possession previous to, but also after her marriage, and be inherited by her daughters, not by her sons. Here would be a *reform indeed*, not only of the laws, but also of the manners and morals of society. Mammias, papas, and aunts, being no longer occupied looking into the rent-rolls, would inquire into the conduct of young men. Young men, as in all cases

where promotion goes by merit, would return from their evil ways, and become exemplary characters ; and young women, released from the dire necessity of sacrificing every feeling at the shrine of money, would resume their proper place in society, and retire, as all women must by nature wish to do, within the pale of female modesty, there to receive that homage which is their due, nor yet "unsought be won." Indeed, under the new system, or Female Reform Bill, there would be no danger of being unsought ! Blossoms that promise golden fruit are never "born to blush unseen, and waste their sweetness on the desert air."

Among the earliest, and certainly the most welcome of Elizabeth's visitors, was Dr. Horace. There was so much friendly pleasure to both parties in their first meet-

ing, that there was no time for a mixed feeling : the pleasure too was openly manifested by both ; their subsequent interviews, however, became more reserved. Horace saw Elizabeth surrounded by fortune-hunters, who were so impatient to grasp the prize that they became objects of ridicule one to another ; and, dreading the idea of being mistaken for one of the number, he fell into the opposite extreme. Every instance of forwardness he witnessed in any one of them produced an excess of reserve on his part. “ Besides,” he would say, when mentally soliloquising on the subject, “ did I wish to endeavour to make myself acceptable to Mrs. Bellevue, I have no pretensions ; ’tis better then that I should run no risk of forming such a wish. Were she a woman without fortune, or were I a man of fortune equal to her own, then

indeed—perhaps—that is to say——”

Reflections so vague as these produced in general a line of conduct in unison with themselves ; yet the spirit and ease with which he frequently saw Elizabeth repulse the unmeasured advances of many of her suitors, certainly gave him pleasure. “ It is impossible,” he would say to himself, “ not to feel gratified when one sees forward unfeeling people treated as they deserve.” The marked difference of her manner to himself was also flattering, that is to say, it inferred the greatest possible respect for him and for his opinions : but was it respect he sighed for ? Did he not already possess the respect of many estimable friends ; yet did not his heart tell him that he might be much happier than he was, did circumstances permit him to seek, and were he fortunate enough to ob-

tain, the tenderness, the undivided affection, the love, in short, of—one amiable being—one who would become nearer and dearer than any friend? Was such happiness then denied to him? Under his present circumstances it certainly was. Where were all his wise resolves? Had they not been acted upon for years? why were they to be questioned now?

Elizabeth, from having so many lovers of late, began almost to consider an introduction and a proposal one and the same thing: to this perhaps it may be ascribed, that for some time she quite expected a declaration from Horace; and, strange to say, she dreaded as much as she expected such an event. She could not divest herself of the idea, that her misplaced or rather fancied attachment to Colonel Trump was a crime of such enormity against good

taste, and even delicacy, that she should be in honor called upon to confess it; and that, on her doing so, Horace would be thoroughly disgusted, learn to despise her, and cease to be her friend, much less her lover. When, however, many fair occasions passed, and love was not even mentioned, Elizabeth's apprehensions changed their object; she began to fear, not only that she was not, but that she never could be, an object of interest to such a man as Horace—that he was too superior, too refined a being to think of her! Her spirits sunk under this idea, and nothing gave her pleasure. The assiduities of her numerous admirers, from having been amusing, though valueless, became irksome; she grew pettish, and talked, as women are apt to do in these cases, of being fully resolved never to marry.

One evening when this was said, Horace happened to be the first of her visitors in his arrival: they were consequently alone, yet he made no attempt to change so cruel a resolve; on the contrary, he professed himself to have formed a nearly similar determination. "However," he continued, "a man, whose circumstances will not permit him to enter into matrimonial connexions with perfect convenience to himself, and, what is still more important, justice to the object of his choice, has no business to think, much less to speak, on such subjects."

"'Tis strange," replied Elizabeth, "that the world in general should seem to think the want of money the greatest possible evil; for my part, I must confess, that I consider a single woman who has money a

truly miserable being : among those who call themselves her admirers, the most worthless, the most unfeeling, are always the first to make advances, the last to cease from persecuting. How is she to know impudence from ardour ? how distinguish between apathy and delicacy ? ”

“ Why, wealth on the part of the lover,” observed Horace, “ must, I should think, be almost a necessary guarantee of his sincerity ; for no man, with the delicacy of feeling inseparable from a real preference, could bring himself to address a woman of fortune, unless his own circumstances were such as to place him above the degrading suspicion of making false professions from pecuniary motives ; while, on the other hand, it is to be supposed that a man who is independent, would wish, where all in

life that is worth living for is at stake, to choose on higher and better motives than a desire to add to that wealth of which he already has sufficient !”

Elizabeth sighed, and was silent. From the general tenor of this speech however, and still more from the feeling, almost amounting to emotion, with which certain expressions in it were pronounced, she contrived to draw an inference that was not displeasing to her.

The result of the conversation on the mind of Horace was, a firmer resolve than ever not to subject himself to being confounded with the “worthless and unfeeling,” who had with such just severity been pronounced “the first to make advances, the last to cease from persecuting !” Whenever, after this, any attention to Mrs. Bellevue suggested itself, those words would recur

to his mind, and in general check the impulse. Elizabeth tried to give to his conduct the translation most flattering to her wishes : she tried to believe his reserve a proof of his attachment ; yet, when he carried it very far, she would get provoked, and say to herself, “ There is no occasion to be wanting in common politeness ! ” Then she would watch every word—every look, treasure up and weigh every expression,—one hour yielding to the pleasing belief that he loved her, the next to a thorough conviction of his indifference. The result of all this, when the character thus constantly scrutinised was one in which there was so much to admire, may be easily imagined ; particularly when we also consider the disposition and circumstances of Elizabeth herself—the ardent feelings, hitherto without a worthy object—

the kindly affections, hitherto thrown back upon themselves by the heartlessness, the harshness, or the death of all towards whom they had ever leaned. Wearied out by the balancing of hopes and fears, the endless calculations, still bringing no certainty, she came at length to the determination to end the question by loving Horace with all her heart, whether he loved her or not. If it did turn out that he loved her, why, she would, if possible, conquer his scruples, and bestow on him all her wealth ; if he did not love her, she would remain single : then she would, at least, be at liberty to dwell with secret enthusiasm on the exalted virtues, the varied excellences, the many respectable and loveable qualities united, which had taught her the nature of the sentiment a woman ought to entertain towards the man she could consent to marry.

How different from her foolish infatuation about the colonel, the strange struggle between gratitude and disgust, kindness and contempt, that characterised her feelings towards him ! It now seemed a species of madness to have ever thought of associating married love with sentiments like these ! “ To give the feeling dignity and make it respectable,” she would say to herself, “ it must be founded on the perfect approbation of reason ; to give it enthusiasm, and make it delightful, admiration must be added—the admiration that commanding abilities execute ; and to give it tenderness, and make it happiness, it must be sweetened by perpetual proofs of genuine goodness of heart ; that spontaneous amiability, best named when translated and called loveableness.”

CHAPTER XXIV.

LADY KILMANY and Lady Mary had just retired to dress for the Opera, leaving the colonel and Glandore, who was that day their only guest, seated at the dinner-table, in her ladyship's splendid residence in Grosvenor Square.

"A man of your fortune, Trump," said Glandore, "ought to be ashamed to bring such wine as this to his table."

"I don't think I shall have any more of

it," said the colonel, "nor, what's more, of any other."

"Why, what do you mean, man?"

"That very few fellows, 'faith, shall tuck their legs under my mahogany in future! I mean to put a stop to her ladyship's extravagance, let this house, retire to the one in Bath, and live quietly among the tabbies."

"Shame! Shame! degenerate son of the most hospitable of fathers!" cried Glandore, with theatrical intonation.

"Hospitable!" repeated the colonel, "it's very good talking; so should I be hospitable, 'faith, on the same terms—hee—hee—hee! But there's a vast odds," he added, winking and lowering his voice, "between a large profit and a dead loss!"

"Why," continued Glandore, heedless of the interruption, "the more carriages,

the more horses, the more servants one took to your father's house, the more welcome he made one ; and the more one eat, and, above all, the more one drank, the greater civility one met with."

"Well— a— come now, Glandore, you have said quite enough on that subject,— fill your glass !"

"Not with such stuff as that ! 'Faith, I can't drink it ! I'll take a bet it's heel-taps. It might have done for the travellers' room ; but your father knew too well what he was about, to set such vinegar trash before a fashionable customer like myself. I must say, that a man who was disposed to pay for it——"

"Well, that was not you, Glandore," interrupted the colonel.

"Got the best of every thing," continued Glandore, "at the Saracen's Head."

The colonel looked round at the door, with symptoms of uneasiness on his countenance.

“Come, this is not handsome of you, Glandore,” he said : “if my father had kept you in limbo till your bill was paid, you might have been there yet ; so the less that’s said on those subjects the better for all parties !”

“Nay, don’t lose temper, Trump. You know I am not only a man of honor, but a man too well acquainted with the world, to commit either myself or my friend in society : a jest between ourselves, however, was perfectly fair, and by no means justifies the ungentlemanly allusion you have just made : and though I promised your father, in consideration of his very friendly conduct to me, to take you by the hand, and by my introductions give you

the footing of a gentleman in good company, I did not promise to treat you as an equal in private, as the familiarity of jesting would imply : therefore, my very good fellow, if you have a mind to *remind* me of the vast distance there ought to be between the son of honest John Brown of the Saracen's Head, innkeeper, and the son of Sir Charles Glandore, Bart., you will take my freedoms in good part in future."

"A bargain is a bargain, Mr. Glandore," said the colonel, reddening ; "and if it suited your convenience at the time to make the bargain, I don't see what occasion you have now to cast it in my teeth : and for that matter, if you have a mind to be off, I have not the slightest objection. Pay up old scores, and I don't care though we are two to-morrow ! If your father was

a baronet, my wife is a countess ; so that I think I may sail in future without convoy ! You are aware, I suppose, that the bond is in my hands ? ”

“ The bond is cancelled by our agreement,” said Glandore.

“ The agreement is not worth that,” retorted the colonel, snapping his fingers ; “ you must show value received.”

“ But I got back the bond,” said Glandore.

“ A copy only,—the original is in my possession ; and since the hour that my father died, it has rested with me to proceed for principal and interest whenever I pleased ! But, as the old saying goes, ‘ One can get from a cat but her skin ; ’ and there would have been no particular satisfaction in putting a friend in jail, as long as he was a friend.”

“And have I not always been a friend?” said Glandore, stammering, and turning pale and red alternately. “Come, come,” he continued, “it’s an idle thing for old chums to quarrel about nothing. You know I always speak of your father, before strangers, in the most respectful terms, and talk of his *hospitality*, and his liberality, and the *open house* he kept, and the capital dinners, and the excellent wines he gave, and all that, in a manner vastly to your credit; and as to my making a jest in private, it only shows, as I said before, the friendly and familiar footing on which we stand with each other. There! you bear me no malice, I hope?” he added, offering his hand. The colonel possessed a spurious sort of good-temper, founded, however, on callousness, which often made him appear to forgive what, in fact, he

had never had the spirit to resent. So it was on the present occasion : he saw nothing to be got by quarrelling with Glاندore, who had not a shilling to pay if he did put him in gaol ; while, on the other hand, he might still be a useful guide and confidant, particularly to a man towards whom all other men, with the feelings of gentlemen, seemed to have taken an instinctive aversion. He gave his hand accordingly, replying, “ Malice ! no, I bear no malice. You say you meant no offence, and there ’s an end of it ! ”

Both parties sipped their wine for a few moments without speaking ; when Glاندore, at length, broke the silence by saying,

“ To return, however, to the very interesting topic from which we digressed, I must say, Trump, that a man with a rent-roll of ten thousand a year ought to

give an old friend like myself a better glass of wine than this."

"A year! for how many years will you ensure the old woman's life? And not a stiver, 'faith, have I, when once she slips her wind!"

"You don't say so!"

"I do though; and so, you see, I must make hay while the sun shines!"

"But how was it that you never mentioned this to me before?"

"We have not been much alone—and—it's no very agreeable subject.—But, as soon as we arrived in town, you see, I went to Doctors' Commons, (cursed dark hole it is!) and examined Lord Kilmany's will, and there I found that the old woman has not a shilling, nor the disposal of a shilling, beyond her life use."

"Why, Lady Kilmany told me herself that the property was all at her disposal."

“So I dare say she thought ; for had there been more children than the one, the surviving parent had, by the settlements, the power of distribution ; and this the old lady, you see, being no woman of business, confounds with having the disposal of every thing.”

“Oh ! I see, I see.”

“I shall not undeceive either her or Lady Mary, mind you ; for I shall turn the mistake to account yet.”

“But how the devil can you ? a fact of such importance must be well known to agents and men of business of the family ; and the papers are, as you have yourself found, open to examination.”

“I am well aware of all that, and all I have for it you see is this. I have got the old lady to make a will, assuring her I had not the slightest wish even to know its contents : nor had I, for when it was to be

signed and witnessed, I managed to substitute one which I had prepared, leaving me next to every thing—not that the will is worth that,” he added, again snapping his fingers, “for she has nothing to will! but if she were under the sod to-morrow, as long, you see, as I can keep the girl unmarried, she will acquiesce, without dispute, in the supposed will of her mother; and I must only, as I said before, make hay while the sun shines; that is, while I can, by hook or crook, lay my hand on the money, and hoard it up for a rainy day. Whenever I am brought to account, I have only to say that I took under my wife’s will, without knowing any thing to the contrary.”

“Fortune and all,” observed Glandore, “Lady Mary has many attractions; it will be no such easy matter to keep her unmarried.”

“I don’t know that,” rejoined the colonel, looking extremely cunning; “and it’s a thing, by the bye, in which I want your assistance. I must get you to talk of Lord Liddesdale to Lady Kilmany, in an on-purpose — by-accident sort of way; saying that you are really very sorry to see him so much about the hazard tables of late, and often after having made too free with the bottle; and that, in short, you are very much afraid that if he is not already, he soon will be, a ruined man.”

“But his cause is not decided yet,” said Glandore; “and, until it is, you know Lady Kilmany will not hear of him.”

“But there is no saying when it may be decided; so it’s just as well to put a spoke in his wheel in the mean time. If we get up a few stories of that kind against him, he may possibly never be allowed to renew any intimacy with the family.”

“Oh! well, you know, make any use of me you please: I am always happy when I can serve a friend.”

“Indeed, you are bound in a manner; it was certainly you who got me into the scrape.”

“It’s no great scrape after all, Trump, to be married to a countess with ten thousand per annum.”

“But you told me, you remember, that it was all in her own power; so I thought I had nothing to do but get the blind side of her.”

“How did she come to get the blind side of you?” retorted Glandore: “you should have ascertained how matters stood before you put your neck in the noose.”

“There you have me!” answered the colonel. “But those, you see, who live in glass-houses mustn’t throw stones! I didn’t wish to begin the fashion of asking

questions. I made sure, mind ye, that if I could but manage to get married without settlements, I should have it all my own way! and I may make a good thing of it yet; but it's not the straight-forward job I thought it was. However, it isn't every day a fellow can lay his hand even on the use of ten thousand per annum, though only on a lease of one old life, as I say. 'Faith, I must take devilish good care of the old lady."

"Yes, she's worth nursing," said Glandore; "and as for Liddesdale's affair, I shall say any thing you wish; but only let it be clearly understood between us what is to be said. You really must, Trump, learn to lie with consistency! In fact, what a man is doing every day of his life, he ought to make a point of doing well."

Glandore had reasons of his own for being thus particular; certain statements

respecting the rights and titles of Lady Mary had not been lost upon him. The successful traducing of Lord Liddesdale had, consequently, become matter of more vital interest than he would willingly have confessed to his *friend*, the disappointment of whose *honest views*, on the other hand, provided he could turn that loss to his own gain, did not in the least disturb his conscience.

“Do you seriously think of settling in Bath?” he asked.

“I do,” replied Trump.

“Your friend, the fair widow, is figuring there now, I understand.”

“Ay,” said the colonel, shaking his head; “that would have been a much better thing after all. But who knows,” he continued, winking and running his fingers through his bushy hair on both sides of his head, just over the organs of acquisitive-

ness,—“who knows but I may get hold of her yet, whenever the old one slips her wind! If I can but make her believe, you see, that I have got the estates, she'll maybe forget and forgive. Besides, when once a woman has been fond of a fellow, only let him near her again, and he'll be sure to bring her round.”

“I have found some women very vindictive,” said Glandore; “but certainly, with those whiskers of yours, Trump, there is no saying what may not be done! Their effects have, hitherto, set all the deductions of philosophy at defiance!”

Here Glandore was seized with an immoderate fit of laughter, occasioned by his being struck, at the moment, with a powerful likeness between his friend and the ferocious Turk with still more inordinate whiskers, which, brilliantly painted by an ale-house artist, swung, as sign, over the

door of the Saracen's Head Inn. Whether this was mere fancy, excited by association, or, whether any mysterious, untraced sympathies in nature had absolutely stamped a resemblance of the kind on the features of our hero, it is impossible to determine. As an abstract truth, however, we must confess, that the colonel's whiskers were remarkable, and that, in the opinion of some people, they gave a vast deal of magnificence and fierceness to his appearance, particularly in conjunction with the very peculiar set of his hair, which quite stood on end at the sides of his head, in consequence of the projection, or to speak scientifically, developement of the four amiable and interesting organs denominated by phrenologists, *acquisitiveness*, *secretiveness*, *gustativeness*, and *destructiveness*:—the first meaning, a talent for stealing; the second, for hiding the stolen goods; the third,

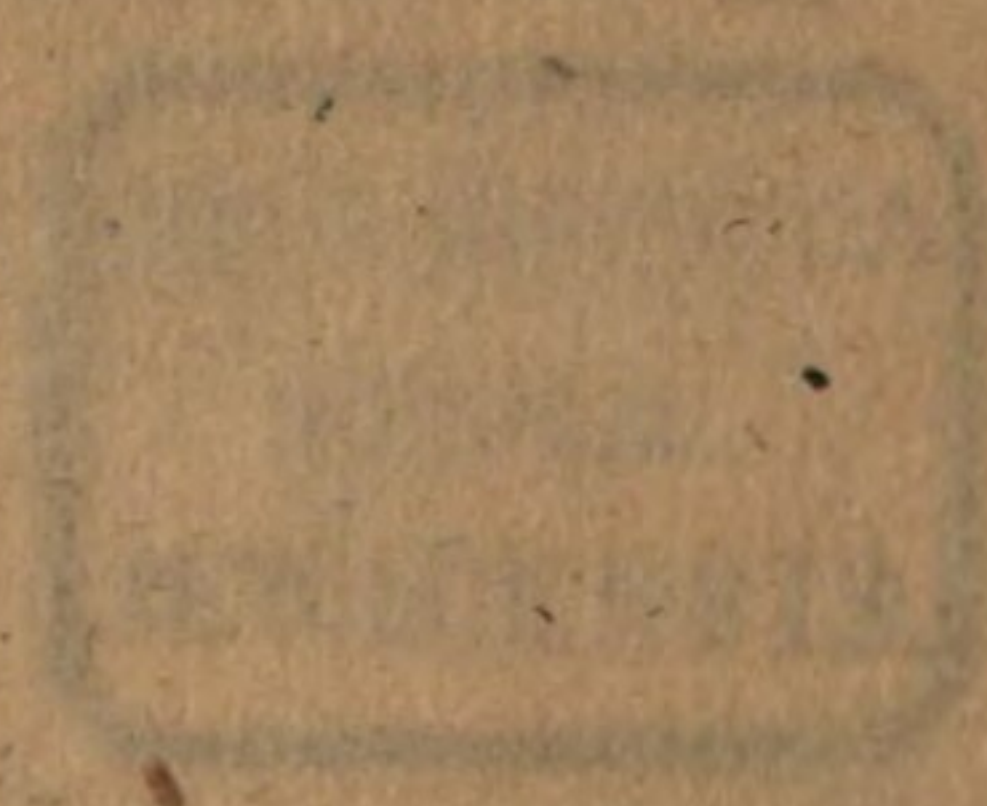
love of eating ; and the fourth, no particular objection to be one's own butcher, if necessary. Certainly, nothing ever more disposed us to give implicit credence to the doctrines of Gall and Spurzheim than this striking accordance between the bumps and the propensities of the gallant Colonel Trump.

The cranium, with the history of the individual attached, would be a valuable acquisition to science ; and may, possibly, one of these days be seen, between that of a Cherokee Indian and one of the Otaheite species, adorning the Golgotha of our celebrated friend and cranioscopist, Mr. George Coombe.

END OF VOL.

BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS.

THE HISTORY OF THE
INDIAN NATIONS
OF THE NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT
FROM THE DISCOVERY OF THE
COUNTRY TO THE PRESENT
TIME
BY
JAMES OSGOOD
OF THE
BUREAU OF INDIAN AFFAIRS
OF THE
UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
WASHINGTON
1896



1896



The new British Novelist comprising works by the most popular and fashionable writers of the present day

Bd.: 14. Fortune-Hunting. Vol. 1

London [ca. 1835]

P.o.angl. 251 d-14

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10747939-9